Ch. Room

FEBRUARY 1930

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

The Teddy Bear Cave, at the Roosevelt, New York City. Miss Mary Edgerton, Director of Play and Dietician, gives nourishing Quaker Oats breakfasts to her little charges.

Does your child live on *nervous energy* for lack of *food energy?*

70% of the day's school work falls in the morning. To protect children against physical and nervous strain, nutritionists everywhere urge this hot stamina breakfast.

Recess means a rough and tumble snow fight for little Richard Halliday. Then back to the Second Reader. His mother writes, "Richard does well in school and he keeps well. Every morning I see that he gets a nourishing rolled oats breakfast."

MORNING doubles the strain on your child's physical and nervous strength. That's because more than two-thirds of the entire day's school work comes in the morning.

Send your child to school with a breakfast lacking in food energy—and he must use nervous energy instead. This is why nutritionists consider breakfast the child's most important meal. Why they urge a breakfast that supplies sustained food energy.

The most nutritious hot cereals

Quaker Oats is that kind of a breakfast. 16% is protein, the matchless growth food that repairs worn-out nerves and muscles. Quaker Oats contains 50% more protein than white flour. Twice as much as cornmeal! Quaker Oats is rich in vitamin B, for children's appetites. It has splendid minerals—roughage too, to make laxatives unnecessary.

Cooks done in 2½ minutes

2½ minutes from the time the water boils, Quick Quaker is deliciously done, ready to eat. This is because Quaker roasts the choice whole grains in their husks to a wonderful, nut-sweet flavor. This pre-cooking makes long home-cooking unnecessary and gives Quaker Oats that rich, zestful "Quaker" flavor.

Always look for the Quaker figure and the Quaker name on the package, as illustrated below. They are your guarantee of the superior flavor and unsurpassed nutrition millions have learned to recognize in Quaker Oats.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Four reasons why Quaker is better

1. 2½ minutes to cook! Fastest of all quick cooking oats.
2. Rated "the most nutritious of all hot cereals"—by doctors, dieticians and practically every leading book on nutrition.
3. 16% protein for growth—richer minerals for bone building—more abundant vitamin B to protect health.
4. Quaker's exclusive oven roasting process gives a rich, savory, zestful flavor no other oat has ever been able to imitate.

Quaker Oats

two kinds . . . at your grocer's

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

Robert and Ruth Explore the Mysteries of Making Le Page's Glue

GOODY, goody, we are going to Gloucester! Didn't you just think today would never come? School all over and nothing but fun! I want to go down to the beach—I want to go in bathing. I want to go for starfish and climb on the rocks and I almost forgot Dad's new sail boat! I just can't wait, can you, Bobbie?"

Robert and Ruth with summer all ahead of them fairly buzzed excitement. Mother gave up trying to keep them within bounds and it was Father who finally helped Edward crowd children and bags and dogs into the car with Gloucester as its destination.

After riding for ages and ages (or so it seemed to them) the car swung round a bend in the road and there across a little lake was a group of gray buildings with two tall chimneys in the center.

"Now we're almost there!" shouted Bobbie. "I remember that place."

"Hullo," said Father. "They've got a new chimney a lot taller than the old one. Who can read those white letters down the side?"

"That's easy! L-E LE P-A-G-E—LE PAGE'S GLUE! Why every one knows *that*. We use it in school for lots of things, and at home, too, every time we want to stick something. Say, Dad, can't we see how they make glue some time? Want to go too, Ruthie?"

Soon the family was being unpacked at their summer home—Father, Mother, Ruth, Robert, Edward the chauffeur, the dog, the canary and bag after bag, like a magician taking rabbits from a hat.

And it was no time before the children were on their beloved sand with shovels, pails and, of course, that blessed wire-haired terrier "Cough Drop" had to come, too.

"I bet I can dig a hole to China."

"Aren't you funny—you know you can't do *that!* Anyway, if you *did* you would reach them all the wrong side up. You would dig right from under their feet and they would fall into the hole."

"I don't care if they do—I am going to get there."

Robert, with a toy shovel, started in and he dug and he dug and he dug. Ruth watched him until she yawned and yawned—

All the afternoon and night they worked and it was pretty dark when they began to see a dim light.

"Oh, we are getting there, Ruthie."

"I think it is about time myself—I am so tired."

"You wait. Oh, won't it be fun to see all the Chinamen?"

Pretty soon a tiny, little Chinese girl fell kerplunk into the hole.

"Don't be afraid, little girl. We came to make a visit—'way from Gloucester."

"I—am—not—afraid, Honorable Strangers,—but—I am—am—just surprised. My miserable name is Lotus Flower and I bid you welcome to the unworthy hut where I dwell with my Honorable Grandfather."

So up out of the hole they went—and what a sight met their eyes—lovely flowers, shrubs and trees, and in the distance a beautiful house high up on a hill with the funniest, queerest roof they had ever seen! There were points here and points there and little queer piazzas and covered summer houses everywhere.

On the way to the mansion they met many little Chinese boys and girls who gazed at them in wonder, for Ruth and Robert looked just as odd to them as they did to the American travelers.

At the door Lotus Flower's grandfather met them, joyful that his humble home should be honored by a visit from such explorers, for word had been brought to him of their wonderful trip.

"Honorable Grandfather," said Lotus Flower, "let us show the Strange Girl and Boy about our poor hovel."

With that, Grandfather pulled on a great heavy cord and it seemed as if by magic a tiny little workman popped out from behind a folding door. He had a great long hammer and on his head a pointed tin cap that looked a lot like—yes, the high, high chimney that said Le Page's Glue on it.

Fu Chu led them into a great big room and it didn't take them long to find out that Grandfather had the most wonderful factory you can possibly imagine. Hundreds and hundreds of tiny Chinamen hammered and sawed,

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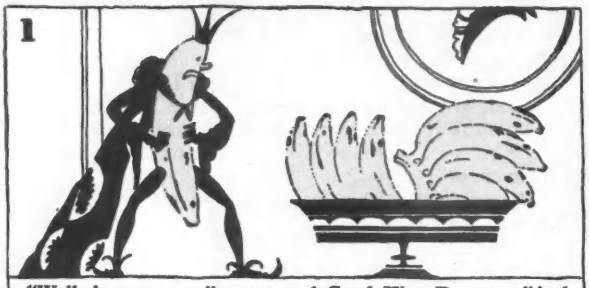
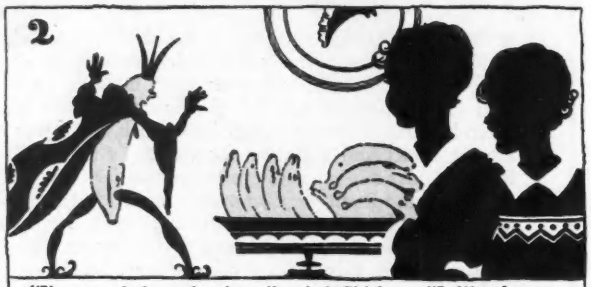
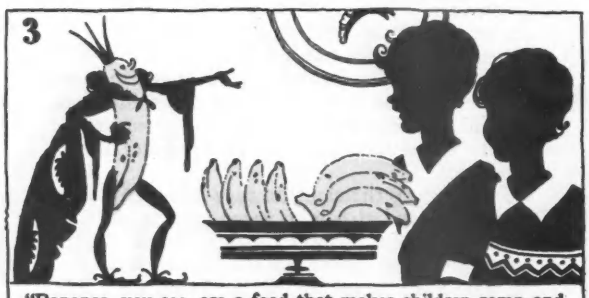
(Advertisement)



"Well, here we are," announced Good King Banana. "And thank goodness they've put you in a fruit bowl. These people know bananas don't belong in the ice box. But hello! Somebody's coming! I hear little footsteps—wonder who it is."



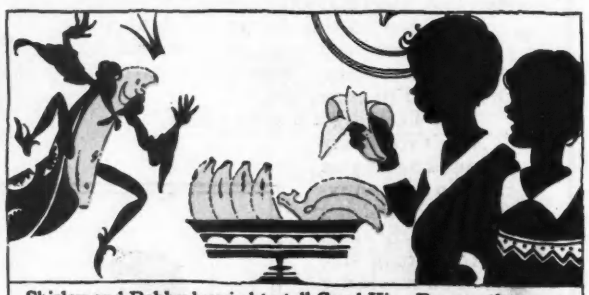
"I'm so glad you're here," cried Shirley. "I like bananas better than anything. But Bobby worries Mother. He never wants a *thing*." "Splendid!" said the King. "My specialty is making fine little fellows like Bobby want to eat.



"Bananas, you see, are a food that makes children romp and play and *eat* at mealtime. They give you pep to do things." "What?" asked Bobby. "D'ye mean to tell me bananas can help make me big and strong like Daddy?"

"Yes, Siree," shouted the King. "Just be sure they're ripe. If they have green tips, keep them until they're yellow." Then Bobby, who hadn't really wanted anything to eat for days, suddenly grabbed up a fine, ripe banana.

When he ran to ask Mother for it, she smiled. "Yes, dear. I want you to eat them. I've been reading about how good bananas are for children. From now on I'm going to *keep* bananas in the house so you can have some every day."



Shirley and Bobby hurried to tell Good King Banana the news. He fairly danced with joy. "One more home made happy," he sang. "One more mother knows it *pays* to keep bananas handy for growing boys and girls!"

Wouldn't you like to have Good King Banana's Game? It's jolly as can be—for home, school or party. And when not being played, it will be nice for the wall of your room or schoolroom. Your name and address carefully printed on the coupon, together with a dime, will bring it to you. We'll also include a fine new book of banana recipes and menus for Mother.

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION
17 Battery Place, New York

Please send Good King Banana's Game, together with the recipe book for Mother, "Bananas in the Modern Manner." 10¢ is enclosed for mailing charges.

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Address_____

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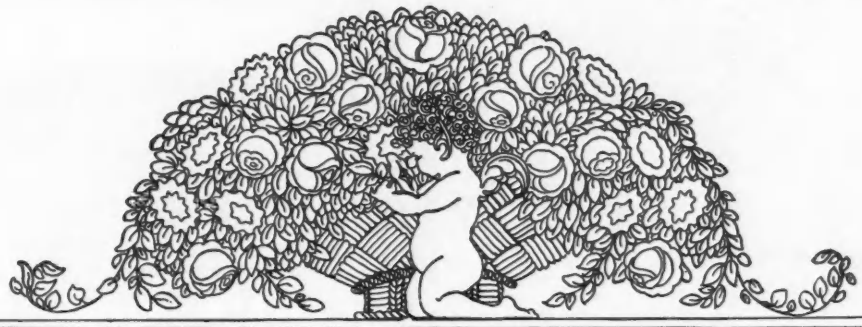

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CHILD LIFE

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MONTHLY

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MADE IN U. S. A.

John Aspinwall Roosevelt is the thirteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt of the Executive Mansion, Albany, and of Hyde Park, on the Hudson

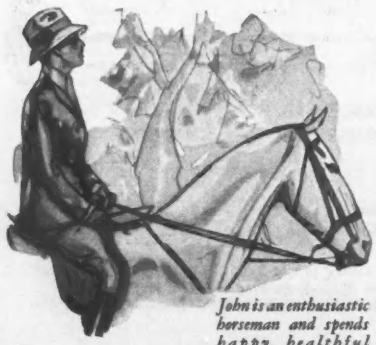
JOHN ASPINWALL ROOSEVELT

is fortified for the "*strenuous life*" by a care all boys can have

COMPLETELY Roosevelt, this boy. Characteristic of that magic name is his energy and vim, his love of sport.

Boats are his passion. His room is full of them, made by himself. The boys hold regattas on the Hudson, each youngster paddling excitedly behind his own entry.

It takes energy, such a life—full to the brim with activity.



John is an enthusiastic horseman and spends happy, healthful hours on his pony

Because Mrs. Roosevelt wants John to have the best of health, she interests herself in everything concerning his physical welfare.

John is usually ravenous—and blissfully unconscious of the balanced diet scientifically laid out for him. "John has eaten Cream of Wheat since he was a baby," says Mrs. Roosevelt. "He still eats it for breakfast—in large portions! I think Cream of Wheat has undoubtedly played its part in building his robust physique."

Other mothers, everywhere, wanting this same heartiness for their boys and girls, have made this same decision. Other child specialists have for years recommended Cream of Wheat as an ideal *hot, cooked* cereal.

Recently 221 leading child specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto were questioned about cereals. *Every one* of them approves Cream of Wheat.

CREAM OF WHEAT

It is standard because it is rich in energy, so easy to digest.

Give your children the very best start for their busy days. Make a regular habit of the morning bowl of Cream of Wheat.

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FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast. The H. C. B. Club, with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with a sample box of Cream of Wheat (if desired). Just mail coupon to:

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MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat check here.....

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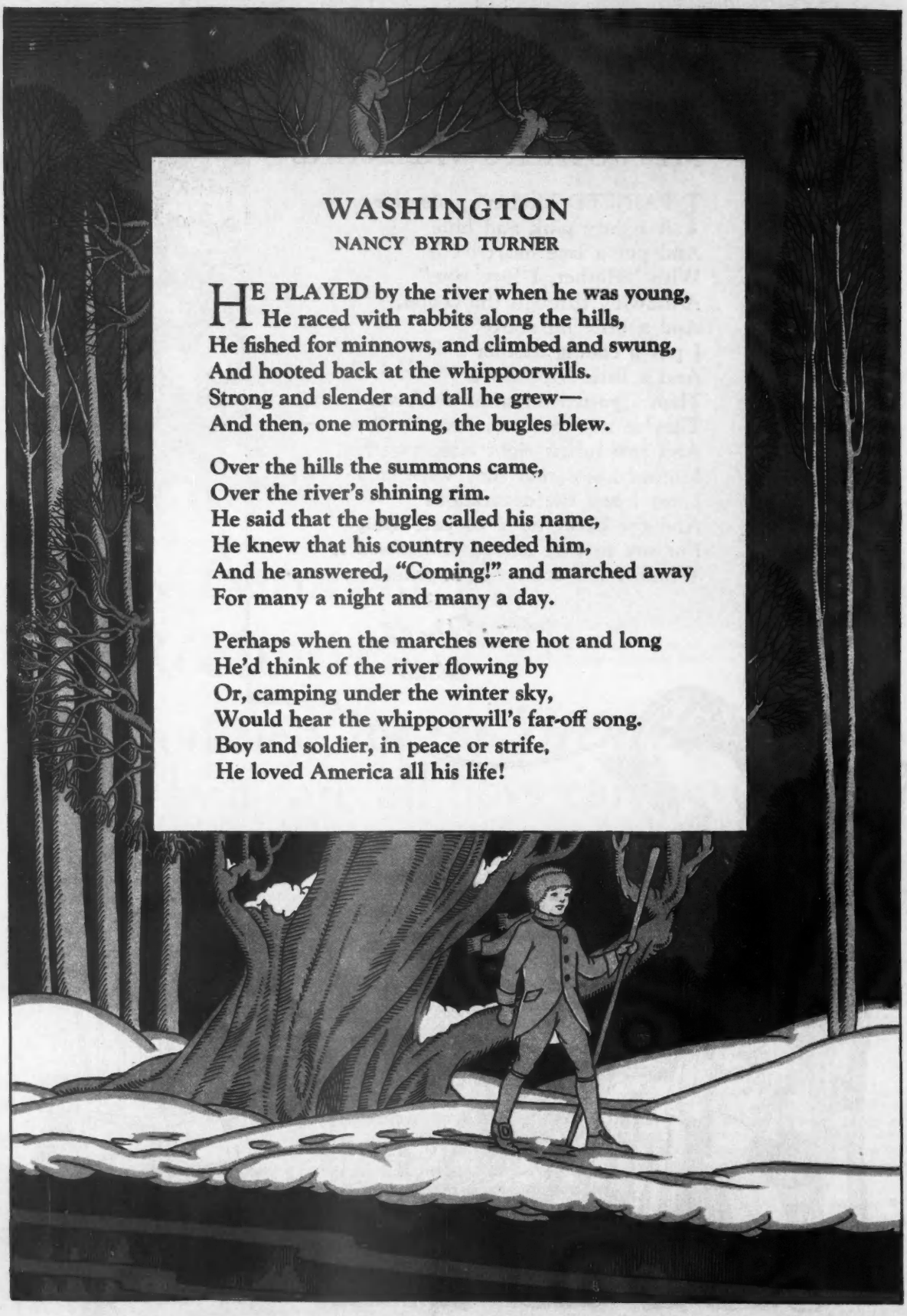
MY MOTHER'S VALENTINE

I PAINTED Mother's valentine
A dainty pink and blue
And put a lace heart on it
With "Mother, I love you,"
A-showing through the center,
And a little bit above
I put a cooing mother
And a little baby dove.
Then I pasted on some rosebuds—
They're my mother's favorite flowers—
And two hearts right close together,
Mother knew that they were ours.
I just loved the decorations
And the background of pale tints,
But my mother smiled and kissed it
Where I left some finger prints.

Rose Waldo
Editor



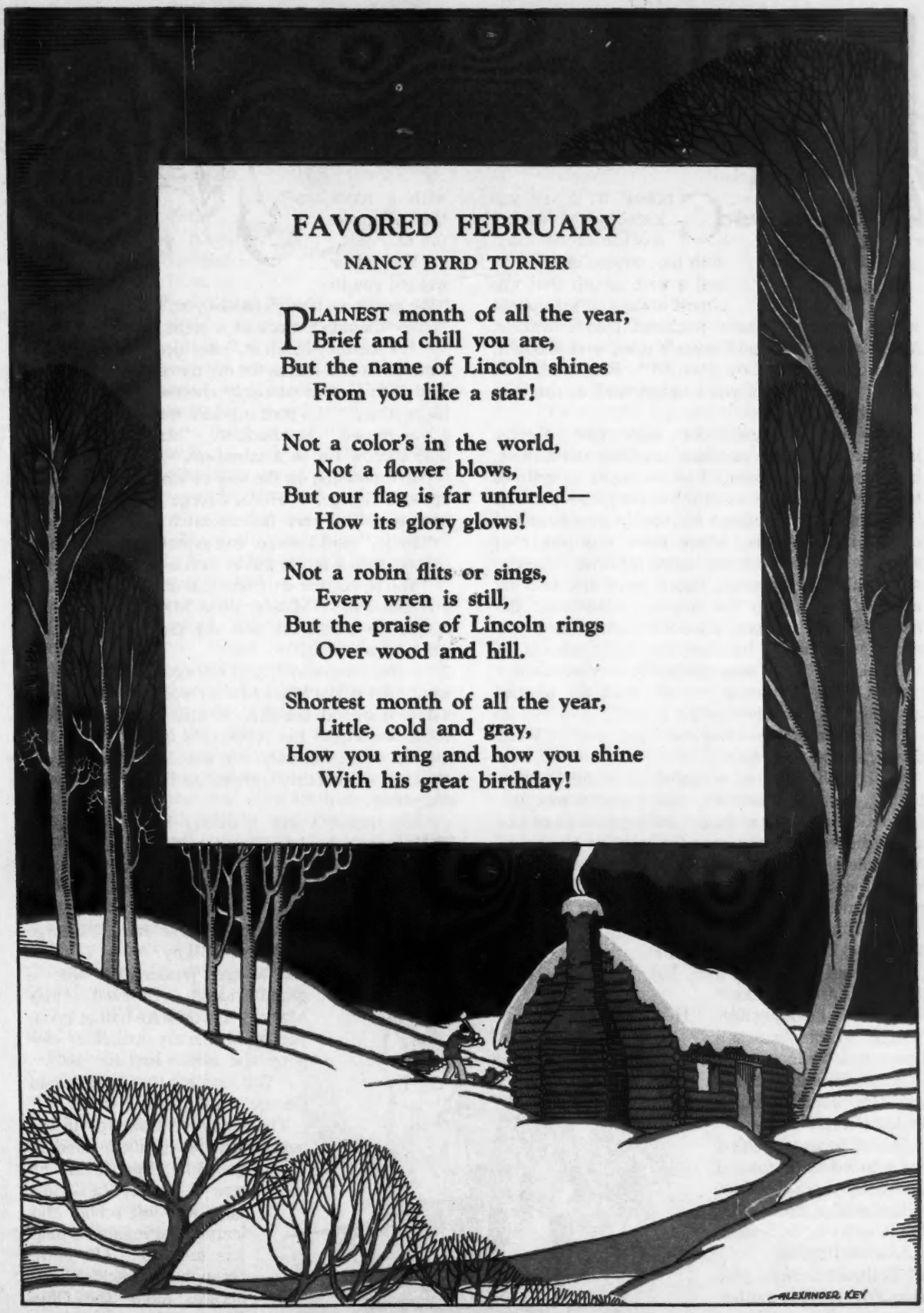
WASHINGTON

NANCY BYRD TURNER

HE PLAYED by the river when he was young,
He raced with rabbits along the hills,
He fished for minnows, and climbed and swung,
And hooted back at the whippoorwills.
Strong and slender and tall he grew—
And then, one morning, the bugles blew.

Over the hills the summons came,
Over the river's shining rim.
He said that the bugles called his name,
He knew that his country needed him,
And he answered, "Coming!" and marched away
For many a night and many a day.

Perhaps when the marches were hot and long
He'd think of the river flowing by
Or, camping under the winter sky,
Would hear the whippoorwill's far-off song.
Boy and soldier, in peace or strife,
He loved America all his life!



FAVORED FEBRUARY

NANCY BYRD TURNER

PLAINEST month of all the year,
Brief and chill you are,
But the name of Lincoln shines
From you like a star!

Not a color's in the world,
Not a flower blows,
But our flag is far unfurled—
How its glory glows!

Not a robin flits or sings,
Every wren is still,
But the praise of Lincoln rings
Over wood and hill.

Shortest month of all the year,
Little, cold and gray,
How you ring and how you shine
With his great birthday!

GENERAL GEORGE

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of *the "Betty Wales" series, the "Nancy Lee" series, "The Holiday Book," etc.*

GEORGE W. JONES was a stubby, red-headed, freckle-faced boy, with big, serious brown eyes and a wide mouth that was almost always curled up into a grin, when it wasn't puckered into a whistle. When you looked at George's eyes, you thought, "What a serious boy this is!" But when you looked at his mouth, you laughed back at the jolly little chap.

And both eyes and mouth were right. George had plenty of things to make him sober and earnest, but somehow he managed to be happy in spite of them all. When he was twelve, his father gave up his losing fight to support his family on a farm and moved into Millville, where there was plenty of work at good wages in the screw factories. George rather liked the change, but it gave him one big new bother. Up in the country school near the farm the teacher hadn't troubled about how you wrote your name, but in the public schools at Millville they were more particular. When George put "George W. Jones" on the card the teacher gave him to sign, she handed it back.

"Write the whole name out," she said. "What does the W. stand for?"

George blushed and wriggled. He didn't want to tell what W. stood for. He knew it was perfectly ridiculous for a skinny, freckled red-head like him, in patched trousers and a mended blouse, to be named after the great George Washington. When the kids found out, they'd make all kinds of fun of him. But he was too scared, that first day in the big town school, not to obey promptly. So he told, and the teacher said something nice, but the children all snickered.

At recess the boys yelled, "Hey, George Washington, he's dyed his hair red!" "George Washington, did you tear your pants at Valley Forge?"

George Jones just stood and grinned at them, and finally they got tired of yelling at him, because he didn't seem to be teased. But he was, inside.

"I think it was just mean," he told his mother that night, "to saddle me with a name they all make fun of."

"Your father wanted you to have greatness always before you," his mother said. "They shouldn't mock at a great name."

"It's me they laugh at," stormed George, "'cause I'm such a bad match for my name. Look at me!" And then George suddenly cheered up and hugged his mother. "I s'pose my hair wasn't so red when I was named," he chuckled. "And of course you didn't know I'd be a sawed-off."

Next morning, on the way to school, a girl caught up with George. "Hello, George W.," she panted, having walked very fast to catch up.

"Hello," said George, and grinned at her because she was such a pretty girl in such a pretty blue dress.

"You're not the only one that hates your name," said the girl. "Mine's Alicia Mary. My mother makes me use it all, and the children think I'm stuck-up about it."

"I don't see why," said George. Afterwards he found that Alicia Mary's father was the Mr. Thompson who owned the biggest mill and the biggest, finest house and the finest cars in Millville. But nobody could honestly say that Alicia Mary was stuck-up. She fairly insisted on being friends with everybody.

"My mother's got a dandy new book about Washington's boyhood," she told George one day at recess. "I'll lend it to you. I guess you'll find he was lots different from what you think. Can you ride horseback?"

"I did on our farm," George told her. "Why?"

"George Washington was a grand rider," explained Alicia Mary. "If you were half as good, you could ride my pernickety new pony and gentle him for me."

"You lend me that book," said George, "and maybe I can."

The George Washington in the book wasn't a dignified, honored general and president; he was a brave, fatherless boy, who left school and learned surveying to help his mother. He rode through the trackless wilderness along the Ohio River, alone or with one

companion, forded raging rivers, met and treated with hostile Indians. But before that, he rode the unbroken colt, and best of all, he was a leader among the boys at school. They respected him and looked up to him.

Evening after evening, George W. Jones pored over the tales of Washington's boyhood. Then he began to do as Washington did. The school gym teacher noticed that stubby little George Jones seemed suddenly to have shot up a bit; he was holding himself straight as an arrow, like Washington.

"That's it, George," he encouraged. "You pull yourself up and drink lots of milk and go to bed early, and you'll be a tall man yet."

Pretty soon George told Alicia Mary that he'd ride her pony. The little beast bucked him off once, but George caught him and got on again, and before long Gunpowder knew that he was mastered. Alicia Mary told the boys at school about it. "Charlie Towne tried to ride Gunpowder, but he was too scared, and so was John Carter. You ought to have seen George Jones hang on."

The Townes and the Carters were mill-owners like Mr. Thompson. Charlie and John never wore patched trousers or worn sweaters. At recess, being less democratic than Alicia Mary, they generally played with the boys whose fathers had the highly paid office jobs in the mills. George Jones, whose father was only a box-maker, began to round up the "dinner-pail" crowd to play the games that the Washington book had filled his head with. At recess they played settlers and Indians, and on Saturdays they went out into the Trackless Wilderness on Pine Hill, forded Pine Creek (and sometimes fell in), blazed a trail round High Pond, and roasted weiners over a fire at the mouth of a cave they discovered.

Pretty soon the "white-collar" crowd clamored to play, too, and to go on the Saturday hikes. "Sure, come on!" said George. "The more, the better."

The boys still called George "General," but now the nickname carried a compliment with it, for George was the boss. He planned all the best games for recess. He was the one who found out about starting a fire from a sunglass or pieces of flint, who got Charlie Towne so interested in bows and arrows that he asked his father for an archery set and then let all the fellows use it, and who discovered that you can make snowshoes of barrel-staves, so that every boy could be outfitted for the winter hikes to High Pond.

One queer thing about George's leadership was that he wouldn't fight. "I'm too small," he grinned. "Besides, generals don't fight."

But he wouldn't have fighting in the ranks either. "Find out what's the trouble and then settle it fair," he urged. "Fights are like wars, out of date. If General Washington was alive now, he'd say so too. You fellows tell what the row is about and we'll appoint judges and make a treaty."

George's treaties, on all sorts of subjects, from the right rules for town ball to the rules about calling John Romano a Wop, were rigidly adhered to.

The second winter that the Joneses lived in Millville something happened: a strike. The Towne mill started it by lowering wages. Their men quit work, and then the others walked out, too, to show their sympathy. George had just taken a paper route, so he could buy some better clothes, but now his money had to go for food.

There were no quarrels about the strike in George's school. Right off the boys met and signed a treaty, promising not to talk strike, and all to be friends as usual. Then the girls met—George engineered that, after he'd heard a girl hectoring Alicia Mary. They made the same agreement.

It was a hard winter. No more weiners to roast on the Saturday hikes; just bread and butter and drippings. When Charlie and John and their crowd noticed that, they came down to the same frugal lunches. There was real fellowship between George's "dinner-pails" and the "white-collars."

When High Pond froze over for skating, some of the boys and girls hadn't skates, and couldn't afford to buy any. But those who had, including Charlie and John and Alicia Mary, gave turns to the others, and George made up a sliding game that was almost as much fun as skating.

It was very lucky that he was playing it and so had no heavy

[Continued on page 83]

DIXIE

By FRANCES CAVANAH

Author of *"The Treasure of Belden Place,"* etc.

ONLY those who lived in 1865 can ever know the great joy that swept the country when news came that the war between the states had ended. Richmond fell on the third of April, and the days that followed brought news of other victories. In Washington and throughout the North, the people wound their way in long processions, through the resounding streets, shouting and singing. On the morning of the tenth word was flashed across the country that Lee and his army had surrendered, and though there were still opposing forces in the field, both sides knew that now the end had come.

"The war is over!" The cry was re-echoed through the streets, and every man, woman and child took it up and carried the news into the homes. Tom Lanford, in his twelve-year-old enthusiasm, burst into his mother's parlor and laid the morning paper in her lap.

"The Yankees got 'em," he announced, brushing back a tousled lock of sandy hair. "Hear that, Susana? What do you think of your old Rebs now?"

His cousin, Susana Marden, looked up from her sewing and saw him through a haze of tears. Tom's cheeks grew red. He glanced at his mother, but there was only reproach in her kind eyes. She said nothing, nor did Susana; and the silence grew unbearable. With a great air of nonchalance he drew forth a small American flag from his pocket and began to whistle "Marching Through Georgia."

It was a different Susana who faced him now, for the song, which he intended only to end an embarrassing silence, seemed to her but another insult to her beloved Confederacy. She jumped to her feet and the dark eyes, bright with tears a moment before, now shone with anger. She tossed her head impatiently, like a young pony that shakes a tangled mane, and the dark curls escaped the red ribbon that held them together at the back, and fell about her shoulders.

"If it wasn't foh yoah Mistah Lincoln you think so much of, you wouldn't be whistling that tune. It's all his fault," she stormed. "If you want a *real* song, why don't you try 'Dixie'?"

With quick, nervous fingers she drew from the bodice of her dress another flag—the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. Defiantly, she waved it in the air, and in a quavering voice, she sang:

"Away down south in de land of cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land."

The words ended abruptly and, evading her aunt who arose to put comforting arms around her, Susana fled from the parlor. Up in her room they could hear her sobbing out her grief alone.

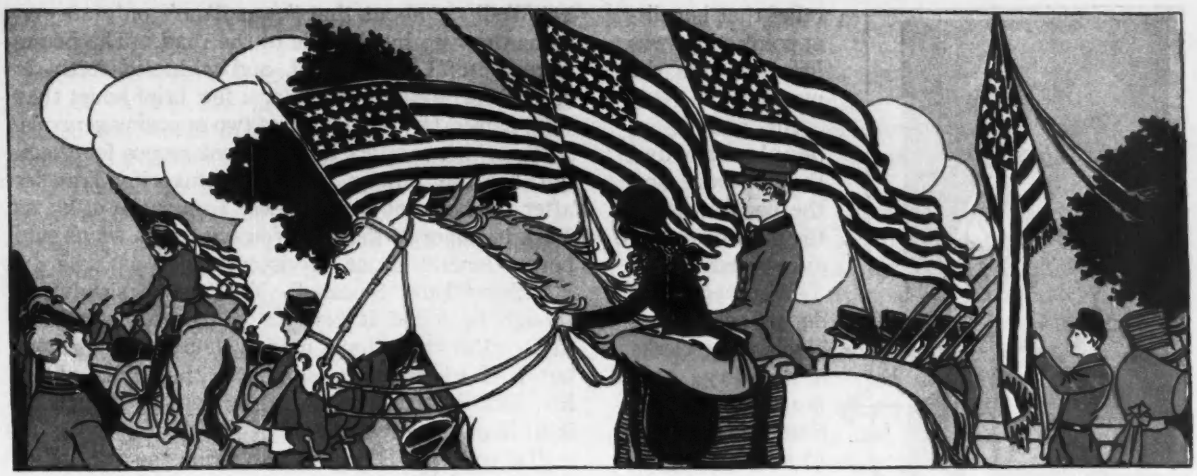
"Whew!" The beads of perspiration stood out on Tom Lanford's freckled face, and though he brushed them impatiently away, others came at once to take their place. "I don't believe a Northern girl would ever act like that."

"Probably at this moment," his mother reminded him gently, "Susana is thinking no Southern boy would be so unchivalrous as you."

"I guess that means I have to apologize," said Tom gloomily.

"That is for you to decide, son. But try to remember that Susana has had much to bear, and that most of all she is just a homesick little girl."

Susana was homesick. She was homesick for her father, a Confederate lieutenant now held captive in the Old Capitol Prison in Washington. She was homesick for their plantation in Georgia and for Aunt Jerusha, faithful black mammy who had been both friend and servant. She was homesick for the Southern songs—most of all



for "Dixie" with all its dear reminders of the life that she had loved. The hoarse shouts of the people in the streets crept through the windows of her room, and she wondered dully if she was the only person in Washington who did not rejoice.

It was as her aunt had said—Susana had had much to bear. The plantation had gone from bad to worse, since Father marched away to war, and then Sherman had made his famous march to the sea, laying waste the Georgian fields that lay between. Their once-beautiful home became headquarters for a Union officer, who upon learning that the sister of Susana's dead mother lived in Washington, arranged for the child to be sent North. Aunt Jerusha remained to cook for him, and Susana had gone eagerly to the city where her father was a prisoner, for in her daring little mind she had been quick to lay a plan for his escape.

But when she reached the Capital, she found nothing as she had expected it. Aunt Caroline and her son, Tom, were ardent Yankees, no less strong in their convictions than she was in hers. After Mrs. Lanford interceded with influential friends in war circles, she had been allowed to see her father—but on one occasion only—and a single glance at the well-guarded brick building had convinced her of the foolhardiness of her plans for his escape. Her aunt did all she could for the motherless, homesick little girl, but Susana did not often allow herself to be comforted by one whom she considered an enemy of her Southland. To her ten-year-old way of thinking, it seemed necessary to find someone to blame for all her troubles, and that person became the President. Perhaps it was because Tom so often sang his praises as the man whose leadership was to be responsible for the triumph of Northern arms. Perhaps it was because few people, North or South, who lived in those trying years, realized the true grandeur of the great emancipator's motives.

Aunt Caroline's soft knock sounded on the door, and Susana sat up and dried her eyes. She was spent with crying, and gratefully she nestled down in the comfortable lap and rested her head on the kind shoulder. It was rare moments like these that repaid Mrs. Lanford for all the trying times she had with her hot-headed little rebel niece.

"Tom did not mean to be unkind, dear," she said as she pushed the tumbled curls away from the flushed cheek. "He loves his home and you love yours, and sometimes, I suppose, the sparks are bound to fly."

Quite unexpectedly, Susana giggled. Tom had often told her she was like his big black cat—one only needed to rub her the wrong way.

"And what I said to Tom, I now say to you," Aunt Caroline continued gently. "This is no time to brag about our victories or to weep over our defeats. Instead we should thank God we are at peace. Do you realize, dear, we are just one big family again?"

"But, Aunt Ca'line, Fathah's still in prison."

"Well—I may have a surprise for you in a few days."

"Something about Fathah?" Susana sat up so quickly that the rocking chair creaked beneath their weight.

"I don't like to say, honey, lest you be disappointed. But if you'll slip into your habit, I think Tom has a surprise for you right now."

"I reckon I know. We're going to ride," Susana cried, and tumbling from her aunt's lap, she threw open the door of the wardrobe.

Susana was an excellent horsewoman, and Tom was no less skilled a rider. But in war-time Washington horses were sorely needed, and it was only occasionally when two of the boy's cavalry friends were home that the mounts were loaned to them for a brisk canter. A gay, laughing little girl, looking very trim in her red riding habit, rejoined her cousin, and he noted with

relief that her disappointment was forgotten for the moment.

All manner of people crowded the streets, and the flag flew from the staff of nearly every building. The government departments had given their clerks a holiday, and merchants had closed their stores. In addition to the salute of two hundred guns ordered by the war department, many a private citizen found expression for his enthusiasm in the same manner, and the hours were a succession of reverberating shots. Then, as though there was not excitement enough, the fire wagons dashed down the avenue, blowing their shrill whistles and carrying their apparatus as though they would put out the conflagration of war itself.

"Let's find a side street." Susana reined her horse in the opposite direction. "It's no fun with all these people heah."

"But, look—" Tom checked himself, remembering that the reason for this ride was to help Susana forget her disappointment and to compensate for his rudeness of the morning. Just turning the corner, he had a brief glimpse of the procession of Navy Yard employees, headed by two bands and a drum corps and followed by a fast-growing company of citizens. There had been rumors that they would serenade the President and Tom longed to join them; but instead he turned and followed his cousin's lead.

They sought a quiet street in vain, for even the side thoroughfares were crowded. Their search took them out on a country road, past a sentry whom Tom knew. Here the unbroken, empty turnpike stretched before them, and Susana with a shout unloosed her rein and cantered out of sight. Tom, not to be outdone, thundered after her, but she had put several miles between them and the city before their horses were abreast again.

"You don't call that a race?" he panted. "You had a head start on me."

"Of co'se not." Susana laughed as she tucked her riding cap into the pocket of her habit and lifted her flowerlike little face that the spring wind might caress her cheek. "But I will race you just as soon as Travelah has rested—and I'll beat you, too."

"We'll see about that," was Tom's only answer, as he drew up by the side of the road. The horses were grateful for the lull, and whinnied softly to each other, forgetful that for a few brief hours they were named for the mounts of two opposing generals. Their soldier-masters had different names for them, but because Susana called her favorite Traveler after the horse of General Lee, Tom spoke of his as York in honor of the one of brave steeds which had borne General Grant to victory.

"Listen here, Susana." Tom spoke slowly, as though he found it hard to know what words to say. "I'm sorry that I made you cry this morning, but I—I wish you wouldn't say the things about Mr. Lincoln that you do. You talk as though he is to blame for everything."

"Of co'se, he is. He doesn't like the South."

"But he's the friend of the South," Tom protested. "I've heard important people say so."

Susana laughed bitterly.

"If you could only see the President, you wouldn't act that way."

"I don't want to see him."

"Then I don't want to race with you."

Susana cast him a sidewise glance—she did hope he wasn't going to be sulky. For all their squabbles they were good friends, and she knew he would have preferred joining one of the spirited parades to riding with her in the country. Her conscience pricked her.

"Look heah, Tom, let's race!" she coaxed. "I won't talk about yoah Mistah Lincoln any moah."

"All right. But if I win you'll have to do what I ask you."

"What's that?" she asked curiously.

"The Navy Yard boys are going to serenade the President. Some of the townspeople will be there, and *maybe* he'll make a speech. If we hurry we can get there in time to hear it."

The color left Susana's cheeks, but she nodded agreement. "And if you lose, remembah you're nevah to mention Mistah Lincoln's name to me again. You see, I'm going to *win*."

Tom accepted her challenge silently, and they reined in their horses that they might have an even start. The sentry post, as they entered Washington, would be the goal. Susana gave the signal, and they were off.

The horses were eager for a run and stretched out their graceful long bodies in the

race. The children had ridden them before, and they knew that under ordinary circumstances Susana's mount was the faster. She herself was sure of victory and laughed and shouted as she turned and waved to her cousin who lagged behind. Her hair, loosened by the wind, floated in a tangled mass behind her and her red ribbon was caught up by the breeze and lost by the roadside. She was becoming overconfident, as Tom had hoped, and she wheeled her horse and trotted back along the turnpike.

"Come on heah! I'll give you anothah chance," she called and with dark eyes dancing from the fun of it, she turned her horse again and dashed ahead.

Tom held his mount in with difficulty, for poor York could not understand a race in which he was not allowed to run. A second time Susana wheeled her horse and galloped back along the road to shout a teasing challenge, before her swift charger bore her on. A third and a fourth time she did it, and Tom saw that Traveler was flecked with foam. He loosened his hold on the bridle.

"Go, York, go!" he whispered. "It's only a half mile to the sentry post."

Susana was stunned when Tom dashed past her, and she goaded her own horse forward, thinking to overtake him in a moment. But Traveler was tired and York was fresh. He loped ahead at a steady gait that left her far behind, and she found to her humiliation that it was not even to be a close race. Tom finished a hundred yards ahead.

"You did that on purpose," she stormed.

"Yes," he admitted coolly. "What about it? Are you going to keep your promise?"

"A Southern girl *always* keeps her promise," she told him loftily.

"So does a Northern boy." Tom flung back the words.

When they directed their horses through the crowded streets, they found the Navy Yard employees listening to an address by a Washington clergyman. By now their number had grown to two thousand, and two thousand joined in the singing of "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." Then, headed by the Marine Band, the line marched up Pennsylvania Avenue, the children following. Under the influence of the enthusiasm, Susana's indignation slowly gave way to curiosity.

With a blare of trumpets the procession reached the White House grounds and, tying their horses outside, the cousins quickly joined the throng that surged toward the front entrance. The band played a group of patriotic airs. "We want Mr. Lincoln," the people shouted, and Tom's voice seemed louder, even more insistent than the rest.

"We're waiting for you, Father Abe," he called, and others took up the cry, "We're waiting."

He seemed to have forgotten that his cousin stood beside him; and he strained his eyes that he might have the first glimpse of the President when he appeared. He and the two thousand waited anxiously; even Susana was wriggling with impatience.

Then very quietly the window above the great front door was opened, and Abraham Lincoln stood before them. A shout went up from the vast crowd—a shout so powerful it seemed to reach the skies; and then before the cheering had a chance to die, the band played "God Save the Queen." Many sang the words, and then another shout and yet another filled the air. Those who had come to ask the President to speak would not be quieted.

At last Abraham Lincoln raised his hand, and silence settled down upon the throng. The beating of Susana's heart was loud in her own ears, and she felt a sudden tightening of the throat. Earnestly she gazed into the tired, lined face of the tall man who towered above them, and she moved a step nearer that she might not miss a word.

"I am very greatly rejoiced that an occasion has occurred so pleasurable that the people can't restrain themselves," he began, and his voice thrilled Susana with its power and tenderness. She had her first misgiving.

"I suppose that arrangements are being made for some sort of formal celebration, perhaps this evening or to-morrow night," he went on, and the lines about the deep-set, kind gray eyes deepened in one of his rare smiles. "If there should be such a demonstration I, of course, shall have to respond to it, and I shall have nothing to say, if I dribble it out before."

To her surprise, Susana found

[*Continued on page 80*]

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

by

SAMUEL SCOVILLE JR.

Author of "*Boy Scouts in the Wilderness*," "*More Wild Folk*," "*Lords of the Wild*," etc.

THE band was spending two winter days and nights at the cabin.

"I wish, I wish," said Alice, at last, "that I could see the nice dear sleepers."

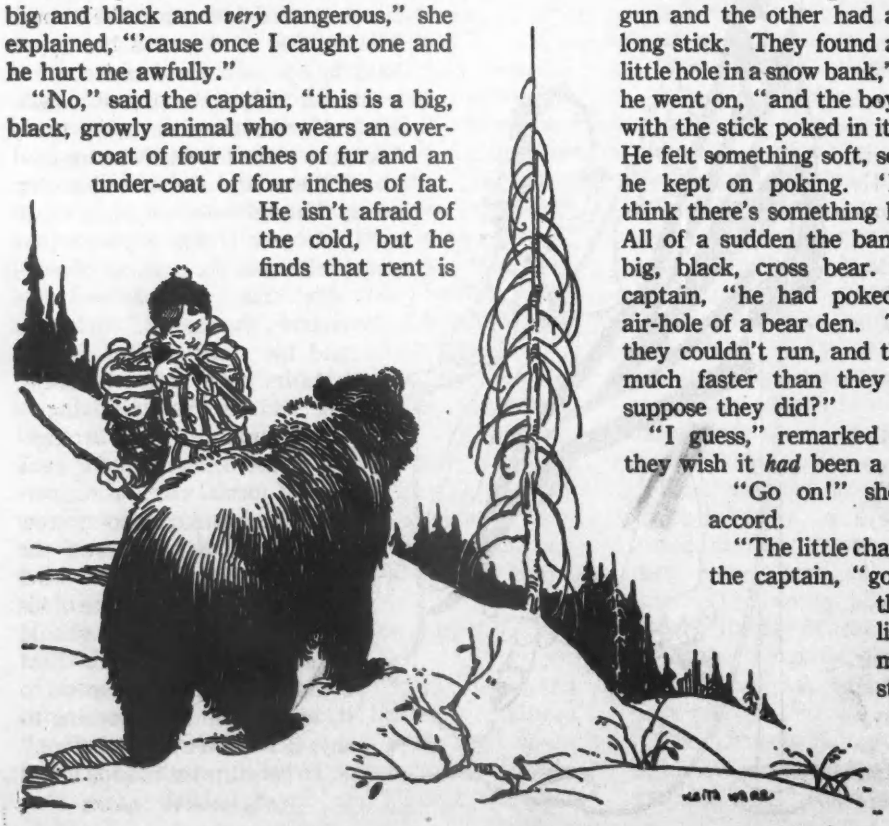
"Well," said the captain from the depths of a monstrous rocking-chair, "there are seven sleepers who live not far from this cabin. Some are gentle and some are fierce."

"Tell us," chorused the band from in front of the fire that roared in the great arched fireplace.

"The first one," said the captain, "is big and black and dangerous."

"Bumbly-bee!" shouted Alice. "That's big and black and *very* dangerous," she explained, "'cause once I caught one and he hurt me awfully."

"No," said the captain, "this is a big, black, growly animal who wears an overcoat of four inches of fur and an under-coat of four inches of fat. He isn't afraid of the cold, but he finds that rent is cheaper than board. So he sleeps all winter instead of eating."



"Bear," shouted all but one of the band.

"Bumbly-bee," piped Alice, who was never known to change an opinion.

"Once," said the captain, "I knew two boys—one was twelve and the other was ten years old. They went off hunting with their father up in Maine in March. One had a muzzle-loading shotgun and the other had a long stick. They found a little hole in a snow bank," he went on, "and the boy with the stick poked in it. He felt something soft, so he kept on poking. 'I think there's something here,' he said. There was. All of a sudden the bank burst and out rushed a big, black, cross bear. You see," explained the captain, "he had poked his stick right into the air-hole of a bear den. The snow was so deep that they couldn't run, and the bear could climb a tree much faster than they could. So what do you suppose they did?"

"I guess," remarked Alice triumphantly, "that they wish it *had* been a bumbly-bee."

"Go on!" shouted the rest, with one accord.

"The little chap with the stick," continued the captain, "got behind the big one with the gun, who was shaking like anything. 'Don't you miss,' he said. 'cause this stick isn't very sharp.' 'All right,' said the biggest boy, and he aimed very carefully and pulled the trigger. 'Bang!' went

the gun, but he didn't hurt the bear because the boys weren't used to guns and when they loaded that one they forgot to put in any shot. The loud noise and the flash startled that bear so much that he turned right around and popped back into his den, while the boys ran for home as fast as their legs would go and never went bear hunting again."

"Tell some more," chorused the band, when the captain stopped for breath.

"Well," meditated the captain, "there was my great-great Uncle Jake, who fought in the Revolution. He reached the very high rank of Corporal and practically won the Revolution—at least he always acted as if he had—and the story goes: After the war was over he came home and took up bear-hunting for an amusement. One day during a January thaw he was coming down Pond Hill when he stepped into a mushy place in the snow back of a patch of bushes and sank in up to his waist. He felt something soft under his feet, and he stamped on it. A second later," said the captain impressively, "he wished he hadn't, for a big animal rose right up under him and the next thing poor Uncle Jake knew he was astride a bear going down the hill like mad, riding bear-back as it were."

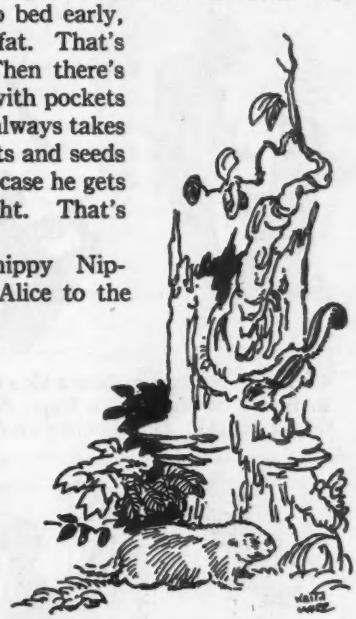
Mother groaned at the very bad pun but the rest of the band were too interested to notice it.

"He didn't want to stay on, but he didn't dare get off," resumed the captain, hurriedly. "Just before he reached level ground, however, the bear ran through a big bush which brushed Uncle Jake right off into the snow. The bear kept on going and disappeared in a thicket and Uncle Jake made the best of his way home."

"Tell us about some more," urged Trottie, when the captain finished.

"Some of the gentle ones," suggested Henny-Penny.

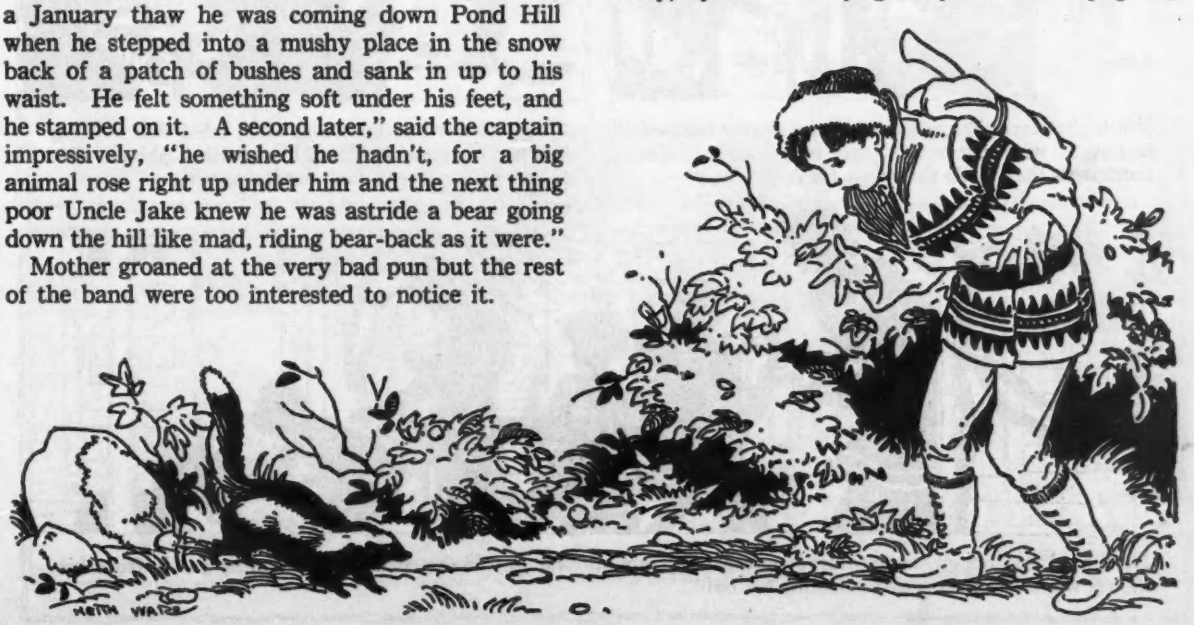
"Well," said the captain, "there's a gray, greedy sleeper who goes to bed early, just a loose bag of fat. That's the woodchuck. Then there's a nice striped one with pockets in his cheeks, who always takes a quart or so of nuts and seeds to bed with him in case he gets hungry in the night. That's the chipmunk."



"Nice dear Chippy Nipmunk," explained Alice to the Third.

"Then comes a chap with funny face and a ringed tail, whose hind paws make a track like a baby's foot. That's the raccoon. The next one is pretty dangerous," continued the captain. "He is black-and-white and has a long bushy tail. He never hurries. His motto is: 'Don't hurry, others will.'

"Moreover, he won't turn out of his way for anybody, yet he'll always give [*Continued on page 84*]



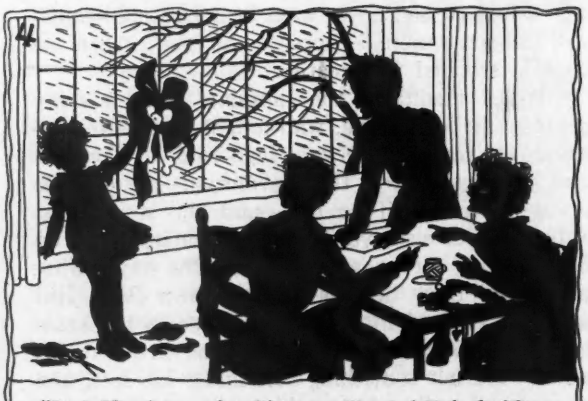
CHIP'S CHUMS

BY MARJORIE BARROWS

Chip's chums were making a king of hearts snow man in honor of Valentine's Day. But Chip, spying a friend, turned a cold shoulder on them.

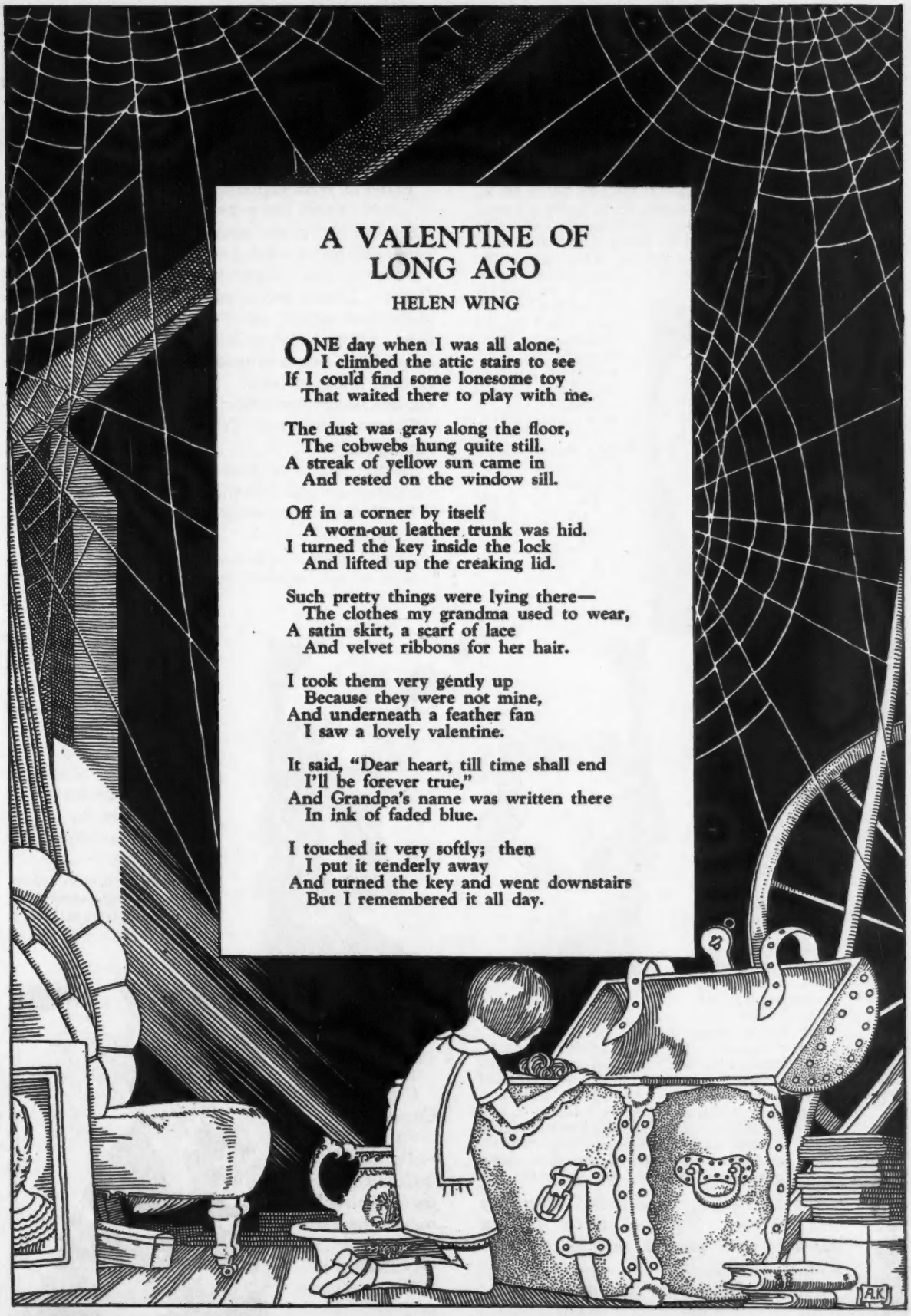
When a blizzard blew up and uncrowned their king, Dick and Bab and Ted and Betsy Ann ran breathlessly into the house. But Chip did not blow in with them.

While the storm laughed outside, the chums laughed inside, as with paper lace, red hearts and tender sentiments they made valentines for each other.



"See! Here's one for Chip, too!" cried Bab, holding up two big bones tied to a heart with a ribbon. But Master Chip was still among the missing.

He turned up, though, when Mother was passing around heart-y refreshments. And dangling gently from his mouth was a real stray-kitten valentine for Bab!



A VALENTINE OF LONG AGO

HELEN WING

ONE day when I was all alone,
I climbed the attic stairs to see
If I could find some lonesome toy
That waited there to play with me.

The dust was gray along the floor,
The cobwebs hung quite still.
A streak of yellow sun came in
And rested on the window sill.

Off in a corner by itself
A worn-out leather trunk was hid.
I turned the key inside the lock
And lifted up the creaking lid.

Such pretty things were lying there—
The clothes my grandma used to wear,
A satin skirt, a scarf of lace
And velvet ribbons for her hair.

I took them very gently up
Because they were not mine,
And underneath a feather fan
I saw a lovely valentine.

It said, "Dear heart, till time shall end
I'll be forever true,"
And Grandpa's name was written there
In ink of faded blue.

I touched it very softly; then
I put it tenderly away
And turned the key and went downstairs
But I remembered it all day.

SAINT ♥ VALENTINE'S ♥ EVE

By MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN
Author of "Bonbon and Bonbonette"

TIME: Twelve o'clock of Saint Valentine's Eve.

SCENE: An attic with trunks and boxes standing about. At the center back is a red cardboard heart, big enough for a child to hide behind. To the left on the back wall is a window, which might be heaped with cotton on the outer side to resemble snow. One large trunk stands in the center of the stage, one to the left of the center and one to the right. After the children come out, if the stage is small, they may be pushed back by the Gentleman. Down stage on the right are several boxes on which the children sit.

CHARACTERS

LOPPY AND FLOPPY, two rag dolls.

THE SPIRIT OF SAINT VALENTINE.

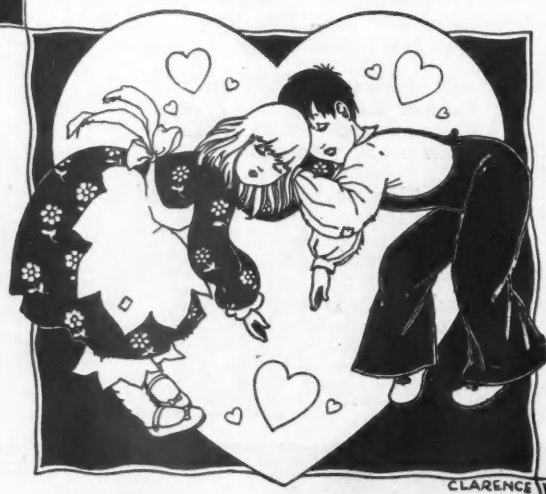
VALENTINES:

The Lacy Paper Lady and the Lacy Paper Gentleman.

A Cupid and a Cupidess.

Pickano and Pickaninny, the smallest children. They are the comics.

LOPPY AND FLOPPY are ragged and look the worse for wear. The Spirit of Saint Valentine wears a long white robe with a gold girdle and a gold band about the head. There are red hearts sprinkled over it. The Lacy Paper Lady and the Lacy Paper Gentleman are dressed in colonial costumes of delicate colors. The Cupid and the Cupidess wear flesh colored tights and bright red sashes. Cupid carries a bow and a long gold arrow. Pickano and Pickaninny are dressed just like the Cupid and the Cupidess except that their suits are brown with bright green sashes and they are made up to look like pickaninnies. Pickano carries a funny little sling shot. All look somewhat rumpled. When the curtain rises Loppy and Floppy are seen lying limply across one another, well down stage to the left.



LOPPY (*sighing, rousing and lifting his head*): Whist! Floppy! [*As she does not waken he pokes her and gives her a shake.*] *Whist! Floppy!*

FLOPPY (*rising sleepily and peering about*): Well?

LOPPY (*shaking her again*): Wake up! To-night's the night!

FLOPPY: *What* night?

LOPPY: Don't you remember, Floppy? The night when the valentines come alive for an hour and climb out of their trunks and boxes?

FLOPPY: Oh, my goodness, Loppy—I absolutely forgot! That's the trouble with having a head stuffed full of cotton—it makes you so forgetful! Here, untwist my neck, will you? I'm all of a heap! And see how crooked your arm is—it's as bent as a button hook! [*They straighten each other out and smooth down their costumes.*]

FLOPPY (*excitedly*): Tell me, Loppy—is it—is it almost twelve?

LOPPY: Ssh! [*He puts his finger to his lips, while off-stage a gong is struck twelve times.*]

FLOPPY (*pointing toward the trunk in the middle and whispering*): Look!

[*The front of the trunk faces toward the back of the stage. Slowly the lid begins to rise and as it tips backward and drops down it discloses the* LADY *and the* GENTLEMAN *sitting in the trunk facing each other.*]

GENTLEMAN (*nodding stiffly and speaking jerkily*): How do you do!

LADY (*nodding and speaking in the same way*): And how do you do!

GENTLEMAN: And how do you do, my dear!

BOTH: How do you do and how do you do! Let's get out of here!

[*He takes her hand, they climb out and seat themselves with a dignified air on the boxes at the right, whereupon the second trunk lid opens, disclosing the* CUPID *and the* CUPIDESS.]

CUPID: Hello, Cupidess.

CUPIDESS: Hello, Cupid!

CUPID (*yawning and stretching*): Hooooo! Hummmm!

CUPIDESS: Come on, stupid!

[She drags him out and they go to sit beside the others, and at that the third trunk lid drops down, showing PICKANO *and* PICKANINNY.]

PICKANO: Hi, Pickaninny!

PICKANINNY: Hi, Pickano!

PICKANO: Looks like a party!

PICKANINNY: Le's *us* go!

[They scramble out and sit at the feet of the others.]

LOPPY: Greetings, valentines! Glad to see you out again! Hope you have a pleasant evening!

LADY (*snippily*): Well, I don't know why we should—we never do! Personally, I'm thoroughly disgusted with the treatment we valentines get! Here we lie from winter to winter humped up in an old trunk and once a year we're allowed to come out for an hour and sit on a box. There's nothing very exciting about that, is there? And just look at my frills—such a sight! [*She attempts to smooth them.*]

CUPIDESS (*indignantly*): And look at my sash! [*She pulls it out.*]

PICKANINNY (*who always speaks in a high, squeaky little voice*): Looka *me*, too!

GENTLEMAN: Now, now, ladies—never mind your ruffles! Let's forget about them and have a little fun.

LADY: Forget about our *ruffles?* Why, Leander, how you talk! Alas, when I think of how beautiful mine were, I could tear them into shreds. Ah, to be new again! How well I remember sitting on the counter of that lovely shop, day after day, and being admired by all the children. We were the most expensive valentines of any, Leander. Think of it, we cost *thirty cents apiece!*

CUPIDESS: *I* cost a *dime* and so did Cupid!

PICKANO: *I* cost a *penny!*

PICKANINNY: *Me, too!*

CUPID: Great bows and

little arrows! Who cares how much we cost? What *I* want to know is, where's that dreadful youngster we belong to, and why did she chuck us up here?

GENTLEMAN: You mean Lucinda, Cupid? She wasn't dreadful; she was rather a pleasant child, I thought. I remember the day she picked us up from under the door we were all quite thrilled.

LADY: H'm! I wasn't thrilled about *her!* I was thrilled about my laces and my lovely envelope.

CUPIDESS: And so was I!

PICKANINNY: Me, too!

GENTLEMAN: Well, anyway, it was fun and don't you remember how later, after she'd packed us away up here, she used to come up on rainy days and play with us so nicely?

CUPIDESS: Well, why did she stop? That is what I want to know! I wish she *would* come up here again! *I'd* tell her things!

CUPID (*boastfully*): Ho, *I* wouldn't!

LADY: What would *you* do, Cupid?

CUPID: What would *I* do? Why, I'd take out my bow and arrow and I'd shoot her on the spot! [*He pretends to shoot.*]

PICKANO (*also pretending to shoot*): 'N' if you couldn't hit 'er, I *could!*

CUPIDESS: There you go, Cupid, always wanting to shoot something. Why, you couldn't shoot a bubble with that cardboard bow!

CUPID: Is *that* so! Well, I'll tell you *one* thing—I'm good and tired of that old trunk and what's more, I've got a plan. To-night, let's make a racket and get her up here and give her a piece of our minds. Suppose we knock on the floor and try to make her hear us.

VALENTINES: Oh, let's!

[They kneel in a row, knocking exactly and very distinctly to the rhythm of "Merrily We Roll Along."]

GENTLEMAN: Hear anything?

CUPID: Not a sound!

LADY: Maybe if we sang to her she'd notice.

VALENTINES: Oh, let's! [*They sing to the same tune.*]

Miss Lucinda, hear us call
Through the wall,
One and all;
Come and free us from our thrall,
If you please, Lucinda!

LADY: Hear anything?

CUPIDESS: Not a sound!

[*They sing the second verse.*]

Hark to how the boxes creak,
Squeak, squeak, squeak,
Here us speak!
Miss Lucinda, come and peek,
Won't you please, Lucinda?

[*They listen, shake their heads and sing the last verse.*]

Miss Lucinda, come once more
Through the door
As of yore;
Here we sit upon the floor,
Waiting for Lucinda!

PICKANO: Hear anythin'?

PICKANINNY: Not *nuffin!*

[LOPPY AND FLOPPY, *who have been listening, whisper together.*]

LADY: Maybe if we did a dance, she'd hear our slippers tapping!

VALENTINES: Oh, let's!

[*They go through some simple minuet steps, while the piano plays off stage.*]

CUPID: Hear anything yet?

GENTLEMAN: Not a sound!

LOPPY (*softly to* FLOPPY): Shall we tell them, Floppy?

FLOPPY: I suppose so, but I dread to—the poor things!

LOPPY: Listen, valentines—there isn't any little girl down there anymore. She grew up years ago—I suppose by now she has children of her own.

Floppy: We know, you see, because she left us, too.

LADY: Then we have to go on like this *forever?* Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

[*Outside the gong strikes one. As the sound dies away, the* SPIRIT OF SAINT VALENTINE *steps out from behind the heart and comes forward.*]

SPIRIT: No, not forever, valentines! I've come at last to take you away.

CUPID: Take us away?

SPIRIT: To Saint Valentine's own garden, where all good valentines go.

LADY: What kind of a garden?

SPIRIT: A valentine garden, of course, full of tissue paper violets and roses, with a ruffly paper fence that runs around it and a creaky little gate of celluloid.

CUPIDESS: Oh, how exciting! I can hardly wait!

CUPID: Will they let me shoot the roses?

SPIRIT: All day long, sir, if you will!

PICKANINNY (*pointing to* PICKANO): *Him, too?*

SPIRIT: Yes, Pickaninny—Pickano, too.

GENTLEMAN: But how do we get there?

SPIRIT: Oh, that's quite simple! Since you all are made of paper, just follow me and float. When I say three we'll all blow out through yonder window.

[*He steps back and opens the window.*]

SPIRIT: Now then—one, two, three!

[*The lights go out, they all say, "Shoo," very loudly to make a whizzing sound, and quickly exit. When the lights come on only* LOPPY AND FLOPPY *are left sitting on the floor.*]

FLOPPY: Oh, my goodness, Loppy—close the window quick! My, aren't you glad you don't have to go whiffing away through the air to-night?

LOPPY: I should say I am, Floppy!

FLOPPY: I love this old attic; it's so warm and cozy and quiet, and I've got you, Loppy!

LOPPY: And I've got you, Floppy!

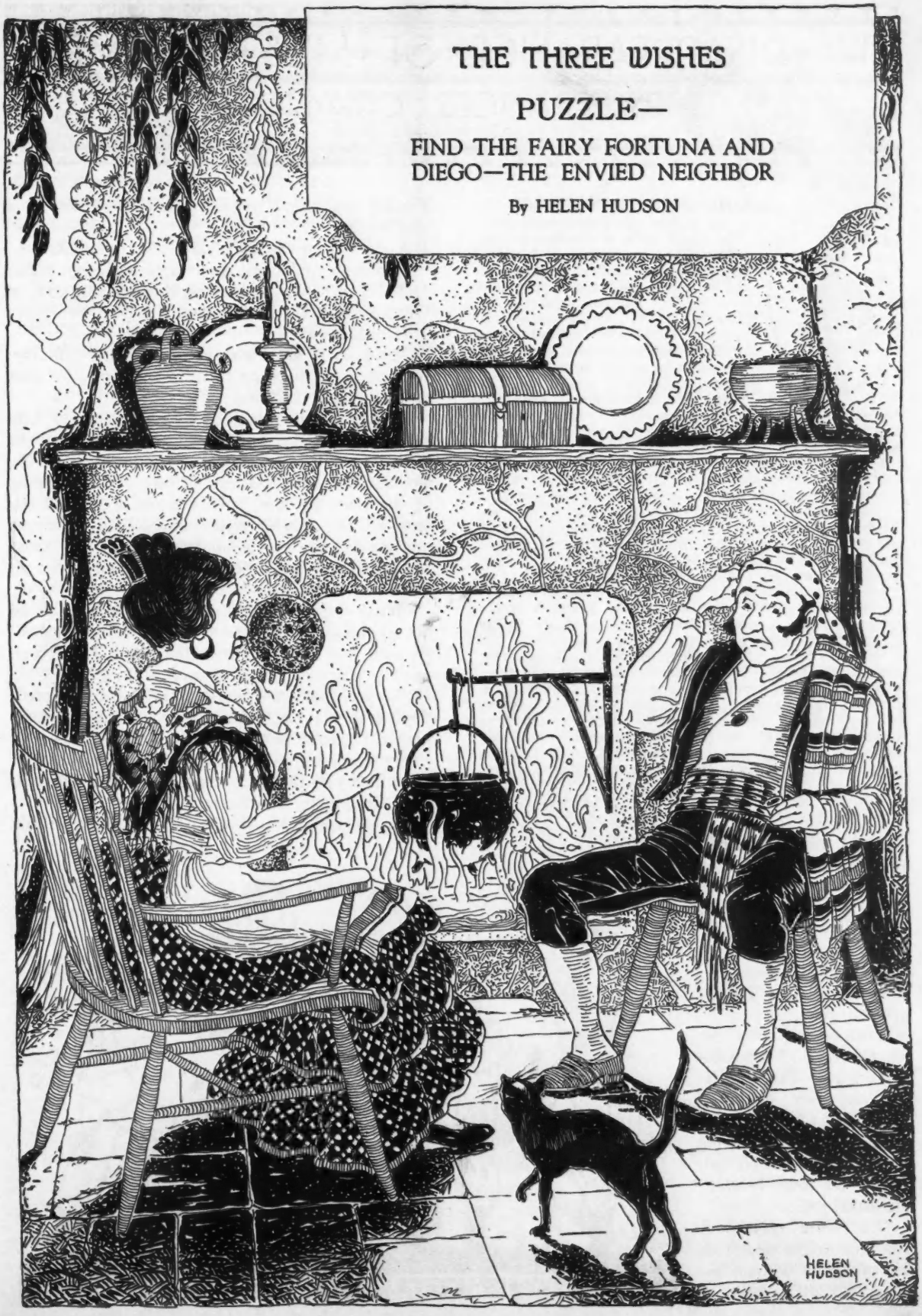
BOTH: And what's—a garden—to us?

[*They take hold of hands, yawn and droop limply to the floor. As they fall asleep and snore gently, the curtain drops.*]

THE THREE WISHES PUZZLE—

FIND THE FAIRY FORTUNA AND DIEGO—THE ENVIED NEIGHBOR

By HELEN HUDSON



THE ★ DISAPPEARANCE ★ OF ★ MISS ★ COLUMBIA

BY FRANCES CAVANAH
Author of "The Treasure of Belden Place," etc.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

Sarah Sterling's father, a captain in the Union army at the end of 1861, comes home to his farm in Maryland to spend Christmas and to sell a tract of land; and this not only helps them out of their financial difficulties but enables them to give their slaves their freedom. For Christmas Sarah receives a china doll, which she names Miss Columbia because of its red, white and blue dress. She has planned a Christmas for the pickaninnies, too; and when Conundrum, the small leader of the group—appropriately named, Captain Sterling says, because no one can ever guess what he is going to do next—has a whiff of the basket of goodies she has prepared for them, he turns from the funeral he is conducting for a dead chicken and follows her, the other little darkies trailing in his wake. Captain Sterling has saved out a sum from the sale of the land which he wishes his wife and daughter to have as a nest egg, in case there should be an invasion of the state; and Sarah hides the coins in the sawdust stuffing of her new doll. The following September the invaders come; and Sarah has just finished making a freezer full of ice cream—at that time a new dish—for her mother's birthday supper, when she has her first meeting with Johnny Mercer, a buttermilk ranger, as the members of the Confederate cavalry are called. He comes to the door asking for buttermilk, and Sarah's finds him a jolly, likable young fellow who teases her very much as an older brother would a small sister. He takes a liking to Teaser, Sarah's pup, and announces his intention of taking the dog along as a mascot for his regiment. Teaser, realizing himself in danger of capture, makes a streak across the floor and disappears into the bedroom, where Miss Columbia lies in her cradle. Johnny starts to follow, but Sarah is too quick for him. She blocks his entrance, and though her eyes overflow with tears, she looks up at him resolutely and says, "Don't you dare go into that room."

PART III

INSTANTLY, the laughter left the gray eyes of her enemy. "Never mind! I was only teasing you. I have a little sister of my own at home, and that's the way I sometimes carry on with her. I didn't mean to frighten you."

Sarah wiped away her tears with relief and not a little shame. Probably he had not even suspected about Miss Columbia, but she felt she must lull his suspicions, in case he had. "I—I—do love Teaser," she explained.

"Of course, you do." His face brightened with one of his sudden smiles. "We wouldn't have a Yankee dog in our regiment anyway. Not by a long chalk."

A shout from the back yard interrupted them.

"I reckon you've got some more company, sister. And if I can recognize voices, those belong to Tim Wentworth and his doughboys."

"Doughboys?"

"Uh-huh. That's what we-all call the Infantry. We had to get back on them in some way for that nickname they fastened on to us."

Another shout reminded Sarah that only Lily White was in charge of the kitchen. With swift feet she fled from the parlor, forgetting for the moment the young buttermilk ranger still standing by the bedroom door. She was not a moment too soon, for the doughboys had gathered in a curious ring around the ice cream freezer, and the leader of the group—Tim Wentworth probably—was in the act of taking off the lid.

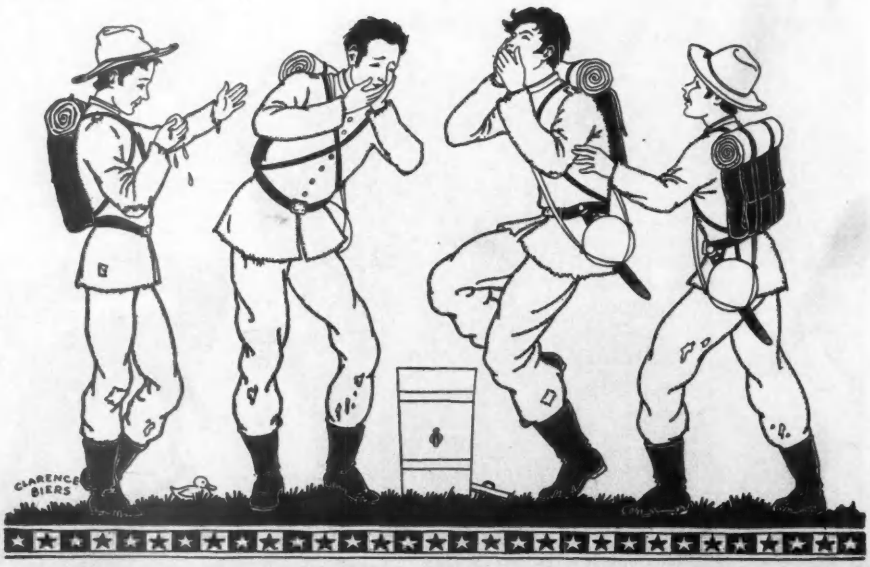
"What do you reckon this is?" he said, as he gingerly poked in a finger. "Frozen mush, by gum!"

There was laughter from the others. "Frozen mush? Whoever heard of such a thing?"

"No one, leastways not me," the leader answered, dipping in his whole hand this time for another sample. "But I've tasted it."

Sarah, looking on indignantly, forgot all caution. "You let my mother's ice cream alone," she shouted, "you old Johnny Rebs you!"

But her shout was lost in the shouting of the



others, as the plaintive call of the wood dove in the Southern fields had been drowned in the sound of cannon. The invading soldiers had neither spoons nor dishes, but they had their sabres, and they crowded around the freezer, eager for a taste of the new food. In spite of her anger, Sarah giggled, for though the men were able to scoop up the ice cream on their sabres, it always melted and slipped away before they could get it to their mouths.

The leader of the group watched them with amusement. "Now let Tim Wentworth show you how to eat," he said wisely and dipped his fist again into the freezer.

The men followed his example with evident enjoyment, until presently one tall, Kentucky mountaineer began to jump up and down and groan.

"What's the matter?" asked Tim. "A cannon hit you?"

"Ow-ow-ow, my teeth!" he yelled.

His companions snorted, but their roars of laughter were soon changed to roars of pain. Unaccustomed to ice cream as they were, their huge mouthfuls had proved too much for them, and the group of soldiers was suddenly transformed into a bevy of dancing school boys howling about the toothache. Sarah was limp with laughing.

"Stop there, you doughboys." She looked up to see Johnny Mercer standing beside her. "Did you ask this young lady if you could have that—that—well, whatever it is you took?"

"N--n-n-n-o!" Tim Wentworth's teeth still chattered.

"Didn't General Lee give orders that all personal property was to be respected?" thundered the buttermilk ranger. "Didn't he say we were to pay for everything we took?"

"Waal now, you needn't carry on so. We jist hadn't gotten round to payin' yit." The mountaineer took a roll of bills from his pocket and, ambling up to the kitchen door, laid one of them in Sarah's hand. The others followed.

"Oh, no," she protested. "It wouldn't be worth anything like that."

"Take the money," ordered Johnny Mercer. "They *ought* to be reported to their colonel."

"No, they oughtn't." Sarah giggled at the memory of the ridiculous sight. "Besides, *you* needn't talk—after the way you chased my dog."

The young man reddened. "I declare, sister, I thought you'd know that I was only teasing."

Sarah's indignation with the marauding party changed to swift pity at a closer view of their gaunt, unshaven faces and ragged uniforms. She sent Lily White to fetch Uncle Mose, who—in her mother's absence—must arrange for selling the invaders the supplies they wanted. When Mammy Chloe learned that there were Confederates in the yard, she hurried up from her cabin, muttering threats against herself for having left her "honey-lam'." Of the two, from the frightened way Mammy rolled her eyes, she seemed the one in need of protection; and Sarah calmed her and set her to work making hot coffee for the hungry men.

"Yo jes' wait till Ah catches dat Mammy Chloe," she complained with as much fervor as though she were talking about someone besides herself. "Leavin' her li'l honey-chile in de big house, while she go soun' to sleep. Dat no-count niggah!"

"It's all right, Mammy," Sarah tried to quiet her.

"No, honey, tain't all right—not with dem scalawags roun' heah."

She glared at the tall, gray-coated figures that thronged the kitchen. Sarah looked up in dismay; they were enemies and she did not know what risks Mammy might be running for them both with her careless talk. Then to her relief the graybacks laughed. Several of them had colored mammies of their own at home, who muttered just such threats against the Union men who overran

their state. To the boys from Virginia the old colonial kitchen with its big fireplace and wide cupboards seemed very much like home.

It was when her "lil' Missy" had gone to the spring to get fresh cream for the coffee. that Mammy took advantage of her absence to invite the soldiers, without ceremony, to "quit traipsin' cross" her kitchen floor. They filed out dutifully, and when Sarah returned she found them sprawled on the grass, their faces turned expectantly toward the back door.

"Just like school boys waiting for a treat," she thought sadly.

They were boys, too. The oldest among them, she didn't believe was more than twenty.

The soldiers drank the coffee eagerly, grateful for a hot drink after their experience with the "frozen mush." She passed the doughnuts among them again and again, until she began to wonder if even Mammy Chloe's generous larder could ever fill them. When the doughnuts were gone they looked at her with such small-boy, appealing eyes that she carried them plates heaped with slices of cold beef and peach preserves and homemade bread.

"It's the first square meal we've had in days," Tim Wentworth declared, and Sarah believed him. She never knew what she would have found for them next, if at that moment they had not heard a mournful dirge, sung by ten quavering little darky voices. She realized what was going to happen—Conundrum was having a "buryin'."

True to her expectations, he rounded the corner of the house, bearing in his arms the usual wooden box and followed by his nine faithful mourners. Johnny Mercer halted the strange procession, and ten pickaninnies rolled their eyes.

"What's this?" he asked curiously.

"I—I—I'se—" Conundrum gulped and seemed bereft of speech. Sarah had never known him to be so scared. He looked at her appealingly and she answered for him.

"He's just having a burying. When he gets big, he's going to be a colored preacher like his Uncle Mose, and this is one way he has of practicing."

"What are you burying?" Johnny Mercer asked.

"Ah—Ah—Ah—" The small darky swallowed hard, and in his fright the words refused to come.

"Don't be afraid, Conundrum," said Sarah kindly. "The soldiers won't hurt you."

Then, as he showed no signs of returning speech, she turned to her self-invited guests and explained. "I reckon he's just burying a dead chicken or a grasshopper or something."

Conundrum rolled his eyes in gratitude. The Confederates glanced at each other and Sarah didn't like the way they smiled.

"It seems sorta funny to us, little gal," said the tall Kentuckian, "that you' pappy should be fighting fer the Union and yit own all these slaves. We jes' caint make it out."

This remark had a surprising effect on Conundrum; it was the one thing necessary to unlock his silence.

"Ah ain't no slave." He squared his ragged shoulders proudly. "*Ah's* a free niggah."

With that the funeral procession was on its way again, but this time the mourners did not lift their voices in a dirge.

"Free at las', free at las',
T'ank God A'mighty got free at las',
Free at las', free at las',
T'ank God A'mighty got free at las'.
Some come cripple and some come lame,
T'ank God A'mighty got free at las';
Some come walkin' in my Jesus' name—
T'ank God A'mighty got free at las'."

Triumphantly the little darkies sang.

It had been an exciting afternoon for Sarah, and after the soldiers had gone, she felt she must have someone to confide in. She found Teaser asleep in his accustomed place under the sofa in the parlor, but he made a poor audience. The old Windsor desk stood invitingly open, and she decided to write to Father. What if he didn't receive the letter for several weeks—there never was a better confidant.

[*Continued on page 76*]

Conducted By SUSAN WILBUR
Associate Editor, Chicago Evening Post Literary Review

FEBRUARY is the shortest month of the year. And yet it has more days marked red on the calendar than any other month.

For Valentine's Day I can't suggest any particular new book to read. On the fourteenth you will probably be busy anyway just reading what the postman brings. But there are new books for both of the other big days.

For Lincoln's birthday there is one by a boy who knew Lincoln, though of course he isn't a boy any more. Captain Louis A. Newcome who has written *Lincoln's Boy Spy* (Putnam's) was only fourteen when he joined the Union army, not to fight, but as a drummer boy. Later on he had a chance to carry a message through from the west to Lincoln. This took pluck—so much pluck that Lincoln decided that "Bricktop," as he called the boy on account of his red hair, would make a good spy.

Young Newcome's adventures in Virginia and as a stowaway on a Confederate blockade runner out of Mobile may seem to you almost too exciting to be true. If so, just pretend they are a made-up story and read them that way instead.

The new book for Washington's birthday isn't quite as much a birthday book as it would be if it had George in front of Washington instead of D. C. after it. It does, however, have a chapter that tells about the wonderful birthday celebrations that they used to have at Mount Vernon while Washington was still alive, and how the day first came to be celebrated by people outside the family.

Washington himself is in and out of many of the other chapters, particularly the first ones which tell how the hill above the Potomac came to be chosen for our capital city, and what trouble Washington had to get one man to give up his farm. It seems strange to think that Washington always spoke of his future namesake as simply "the federal city."

The title of this book is *Washington, D. C.: The Nation's Capital: Romance—Adventure—Achievement: A Book for Young People* (Rand McNally) and the author is Frances Margaret Fox, whose button stories you will remember reading in Child Life.

She talks about everything—about the buildings that you would visit if your mother should take you to Washington as mine took me when I was about your age, and about all the really interesting things that have happened there since John Smith first fished in the Potomac with a frying pan. In fact, the history of Washington, D. C. as Miss Fox tells it is almost a history of the whole United States. Even things that happened a long way off, as for instance the Lewis and Clark expedition, belong in it. And all the time she is choosing just those things that boys and girls will most care to hear—the adventures of three boys on the day that Washington was burned by the British, the toy shop where Tad Lincoln's father used to take him, the first time that ice cream was officially served in Washington, and how everybody except the President smelled it before tasting, the coming of the first Japanese ambassadors, and all about the Senate page boys, and the Easter egg rolling, and the zoo.

Have you ever wished that you had time to write a story book yourself—a story that should be in every way just as you wanted it? Of course no book by anybody else is ever likely to be.

That is what Mimpsy Rhys, now a grown person living in the United States, not only wished to do but did when she was a little girl living in England. *Mr. Hermit Crab* (Macmillan), the book that she wrote then, has just been published. It is old-fashioned in some ways but pleasantly so, and it is also pleasantly English. But you might go far and not find a livelier story.

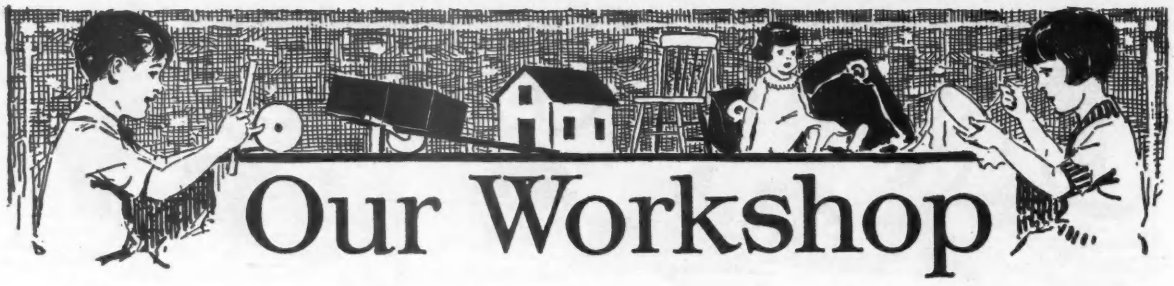
Mimpsy tells how two little girls met at the seaside, found a cave, and unearthed in the cave a mystery so unusual that no grown person would ever have thought of it.

But that isn't all. The way Mimpsy tells the story makes it fun all the time. If it's no more than a tea party or a morning at the beach, she manages to make it sound terribly exciting.

Now and again the older people get the worst of things. But she makes it up to them in the end by marrying them all off, even the heroine's great uncle and her unpleasant governess—though not to each other. I suppose she thought that they would live happily ever after, as grown people do in fairy tales when they marry.

It is fun to read stories like these about children

[*Continued on page 89*]



Our Workshop

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "*Making Things with Tools*," "*Big Book o Boys' Hobbies*," etc.

VALENTINE PUZZLE BLOCKS

IT IS easy to solve a puzzle when you know how, and knowing how, it is fun to watch some one else work and work upon it without success. When I explain the assembly of the three puzzle blocks in the illustrations, you will know how to work them, because it will be done by following the steps in assembling, only in the reverse order. Your friends will enjoy these puzzle blocks, and they are quite the thing to pass around among the boys and girls at a valentine party.

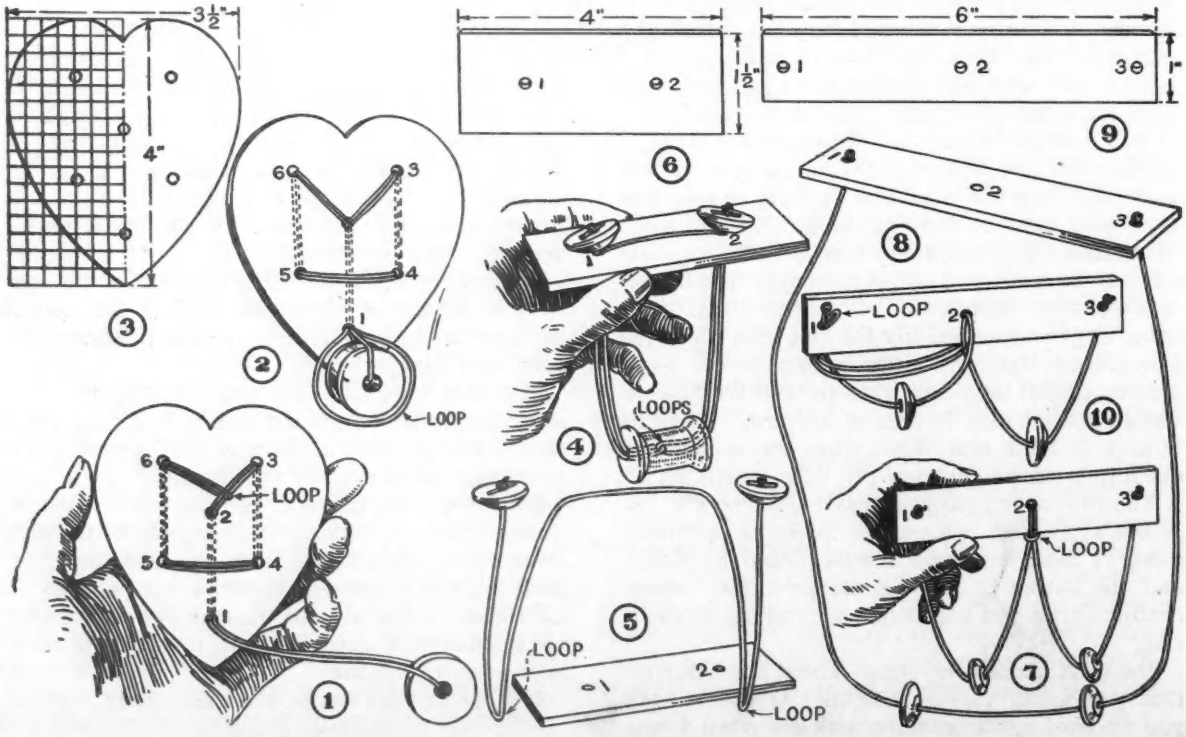
The blocks are to be cut out of thin wood such as cigar boxes are made of, then drilled for string holes, and painted, enameled or lacquered. You may use cardboard instead of wood, if you want to, but it is more interesting to shape wooden blocks, and when you have finished them in bright colors they look more like something from a toy store.

The heart-shaped puzzle block in Figure 1 makes a good valentine. When you have finished it bright red, you may letter upon it in black a sentiment copied from a paper valentine.

The block in the illustration measures 3½ inches across and 4 inches up and down, but you may make it smaller if you want to. A pattern for the heart is shown in Figure 3. Lay out one-half of it upon a piece of folded paper, cut it out, unfold the paper, and you will have the full pattern with halves alike. To help you lay out the half pattern, I have drawn squares across the small pattern. Draw a similar set of horizontal and vertical lines, ¼ inch apart. Then draw the curve upon the squares just as I have shown it upon the small squares in Figure 3. When you have made a good paper pattern, it will be a simple matter to cut it out and mark around its edge upon the wood to be used for the block.

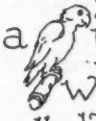
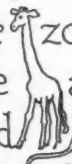
Saw out the block with a coping-saw, or with a sharp jackknife, then smooth up the edges with

[*Continued on page 88*]

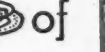


DOLLY'S RIDE

by Nancy Clinton

Charlotte Anna had a -y with a on her ; Dicky Davis had a  in a , whom he called Ted. Charlotte Anna took her in her to the park. Who should come but Dicky's flying that way for a lark. flew away with past the  zoo where the and and noticed and even began to laugh. Charlotte Anna rescued took her home and straight to Dicky Davis scolded who just laughed and wagged her !

Gertrude A. Strickler

When Washington's father shouted, "Who chopped down my tree?"
George said, "I did it Father with the you gave me."
George always told the truth, so when he grew to be a
He was Father of his Country. . . . . and the Greatest American.
History says that was strong as well as true.
Because he ate the proper foods as all should do.
If he were a small to-day, the cereal he'd eat
Would be Wheatena, the food that's made from golden -browned wheat .
Wheatena builds strong arms and legs as well as hard white
You'll find it tastes like toasted
. . . it's sure to be a treat.
Each morning eat a  of Wheatena . . then you may, just like the great George , be President some day.

Free *Sample*

If you wish a trial package of this delicious sun-browned wheat cereal—WHEATENA—we'll gladly send you one FREE. Just check here ☐ and mail this coupon.

Send for this book today

"Feeding the Child from Crib to College" is an entirely new kind of book for mothers,—written by one of the most eminent child specialists in America. Only 15c brings you a copy. ☐ Check here—enclose 15c—if you wish a copy of the book.

Name _____

Address _____ CL 2-30

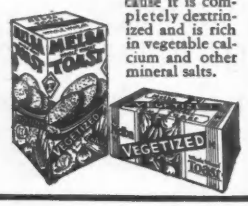
The Wheatena Corporation, Wheatenaville, Rahway, N. J.

Why the Good Fairy changed vegetables into cookies

IN the Castle of Knowledge lives the Good Fairy Science who is always watching for ways to make little children healthier and happier. One day this Good Fairy Science was watching all the little boys and girls in the world eating their spinach and carrots and other vegetables. The Good Fairy saw that many of these boys and girls did not like vegetables — but they ate them because they wanted to obey their mothers like all good children should. So the Good Fairy said, "I'll reward all these obedient children and make it fun to eat vegetables! I'll change carrots, spinach, lettuce, tomatoes and celery into nice wholewheat cookies that every child will enjoy eating!" And I think the Good Fairy Science wanted to reward all the patient Mothers who have taught their boys and girls to eat vegetables that help them grow strong and keep well. So now, at every grocery store Mother can buy you Vegetized Wafers...the cookies which the Good Fairy Science has made with five vegetables.

VEGETIZED TOAST

Be sure to try this new healthful non-fattening toast which contains one-fourth its weight of five fresh vegetables. Use it wherever you use toast. Doctors advise Vegetized Toast for teething children because it is completely dextrinized and is rich in vegetable calcium and other mineral salts.



These Leading Biscuit Companies are collaborating to bring you Vegetized Wafers and will supply you if your grocer cannot.

NEW ENGLAND
T. A. Huston & Co., Portland, Me.

MIDDLE ATLANTIC
Keebler-Weyl Baking Co., Phila.
Ontario Biscuit Co., Buffalo and Pittsburgh

CENTRAL
The Felber Biscuit Co., Columbus
Hekman Biscuit Co., Grand Rapids
Junge Baking Co., Joplin, Mo.
Lakeside Biscuit Co., Toledo
Manchester Biscuit Co., Fargo, N. D. and Sioux Falls, S. D.
Quality Biscuit Co., Milwaukee
Sawyer Biscuit Co., Chicago
Strietmann Biscuit Co., Cincinnati
Union Biscuit Co., St. Louis

SOUTH
Martin Biscuit Co., Birmingham
Tennessee Biscuit Co., Nashville
Vories Baking Co., New Orleans

MOUNTAIN STATES
Merchants Biscuit Co., Denver
Purity Biscuit Co., Salt Lake City

PACIFIC
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CANADA
McCormick Mfg. Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

Have Mother Read This Part

Vegetized Wafers—and other Vegetized Foods —solve the problem of feeding vegetables to children. Each wafer contains one-fourth its weight of five sun-ripened vegetables with their vitamins and mineral salts retained by the exclusive Vegetization Process. Vegetized Wafers are also effective in correcting Acidosis, as their vegetable content is highly alkalin. Insist on the genuine VEGETIZED WAFERS which have been approved by Good Housekeeping, Delineator, Parents Magazine and Child Life.

VEGETIZED FOODS, Inc. 2CL230
Union Insurance Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.
Please send me the free book describing the Vegetization process.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

MISS COLUMBIA

[Continued from page 72]

She pulled a sheet of her new red, white and blue bordered stationery toward her, and the quill pen squeaked as it made its way across the page—squeaked in excitement, it seemed to Sarah, as though it realized the importance of the letter it was writing.

"You should have seen me, Father," she wrote, after several paragraphs about Teaser's adventure with the Confederate. "I stood in the doorway, and I said, 'You shall not enter here,' just as that lady did in the play we saw in Washington. The soldier thought I was just protecting the puppy. He didn't know I was protecting Miss Columbia, too."

She looked down at Teaser with a satisfied smile, as she sprinkled a pinch of sand from the sand pot over the page to dry the ink. "Won't it be nice if he writes back and says how brave I was?"

There were several gaily-decorated envelopes to choose from, and when she asked Teaser's opinion he stood on his hind legs and sniffed them all. Then with a quick movement of his nose, he brushed them to the floor. Two of them stuck together, and taking them between his teeth he shook them vigorously. Before Sarah could stop him, he had crawled under the sofa and begun to chew.

"Teaser, aren't you ever going to outgrow your puppy ways?" she said sharply. "A dog your age ought to have better manners."

The puppy went on chewing, and Sarah returned to the desk to select another envelope. It had a picture of two American flags in the corner, and underneath she read: "The Union—it shall be preserved." Very carefully, with her tongue between her teeth, she wrote her father's name, but left the rest of the space blank that she might fill in the address later. No one could tell now where he might be by the time the invaders left the state and she had a chance to post her letter.

When Mrs. Sterling returned from town, Sarah had quite a tale to tell her; and Mrs. Sterling had a

[Continued on page 79]

A SURPRISE FOR FATHER

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

DID you ever play the game of "That reminds me?" We think it's lots of fun. One person begins by saying a word. The next person very quickly says the word that comes to his mind as soon as the first word is spoken; the third person says the word the second person's word suggests and so on around the circle. It's great fun to see how very different the last word is from the first as the chain of "reminds me" words fly quickly around.

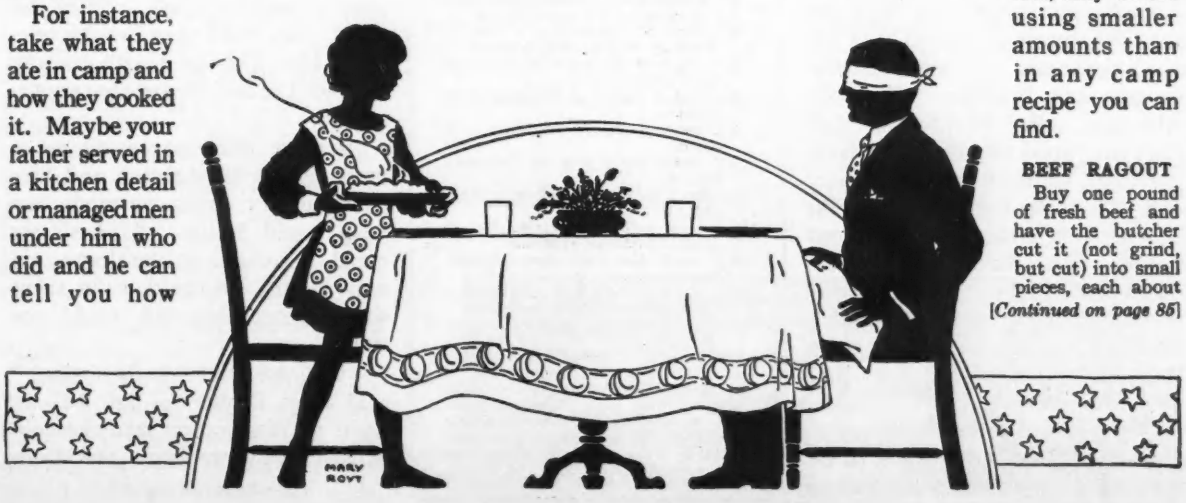
The other evening we were playing "That reminds me" and some one said, "February." Quickly the next person said, "Birthdays" and the next, "The United States," and none of us were surprised a bit because those three words do really fit together. One cannot think of February without remembering Lincoln and Washington whose birthdays we celebrate this month. And I am quite sure that no one can think of *them* without thinking of our country and all those two wonderful men did for it and for us.

With that as a start we in the Child Life Kitchen got to playing a little "That reminds me" of our own. For we suddenly remembered that probably many of our cooks have fathers who served in France in the World War and that even though many of us are too young to know about it ourselves, from the fathers who were there we can learn many things that we may never know about other wars, even though we study them in our histories.

For instance, take what they ate in camp and how they cooked it. Maybe your father served in a kitchen detail or managed men under him who did and he can tell you how they cooked the potatoes and meat, how they transported supplies and a lot of interesting things that you might never have thought to ask about, or he to tell you, if you hadn't become interested in cooking in our kitchen.

Maybe you think this is a long way off from a cooking lesson. But it isn't. We're getting closer to the lesson every minute, as you shall see soon. Only remember it's to be a surprise, for your father or uncle or big brother. So if they have been reading this with you, have them stop right now, or your surprise won't be a surprise at all. The rest of this is just for ourselves; read carefully so you will understand all about it.

One nice day, not so very long ago, we were driving out south of Chicago (the city where "Child Life" is published, you know), and high on a hill, we spied a beautiful American flag waving in the sunshine, just as though it were Washington's birthday. We turned in at the gate to see what sort of place it was and found it was a rest camp for soldiers, so we stayed and visited awhile, and got acquainted. We discovered, among other things, that the soldiers there did their own cooking and that many of the recipes they used were for dishes they liked in France. One of the favorites is "Beef Ragout" and when we asked what that meant, we were told that it was a dress-up name for old-fashioned stew and when we learned how it is made we immediately decided you would like it. So here it is, only we are using smaller amounts than in any camp recipe you can find.



BEEF RAGOUT

Buy one pound of fresh beef and have the butcher cut it (not grind, but cut) into small pieces, each about

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CHILD LIFE

Good Citizens' League

MOTTO: Responsibility.
CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.
PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

HERO MONTH

"WHAT does this mean?" Elizabeth looked up from her book of poetry with a puzzled frown. "'The child is father to the man.' I don't see how that could be."

"Oh, Wordsworth wrote that," said Miriam wisely. "It means—well, it's hard to explain—but it means that we show while we're still small just what we are going to be like when we grow up."

"Just as Washington and Lincoln did," said Miss Bradley, the counselor of the Brocton Good Citizens' League. "They began to be great men while they were still children. The boy George who sacrificed the commission his brother obtained for him in the navy, that he might spare his mother the loneliness that his absence would bring her, was the forerunner of the unselfish general and President. The boy Abraham, who worked all day chopping wood to pay for the book damaged while in his possession, was the forerunner of the great emancipator and preserver of our nation. The characteristics that distinguished them as boys distinguished them as men. And I wouldn't be surprised if the same thing isn't true of the boys and girls who live to-day."

David looked serious. "Do you mean that what we're going to be when we grow up depends on what we do right now?"

"Well, habits—good or bad—have a way of fastening themselves on us, if we let them. That's why you are trying to learn the right citizenship habits while you are young. Then when you're ready to take your places as grown-up citizens, you'll know better how to do your part in directing the affairs of the community, the nation and the world, for the benefit of all."

They thought it over and decided that the qualities which more than any others had distinguished the lives of their heroes were courage, kindness, truthfulness, perseverance and the desire to help, and that these same qualities that had made great citizens of Washington and Lincoln would surely make good citizens of them. They decided, too, that they would celebrate Hero Day on a date midway between the twelfth and the twenty-second.

"I never did enjoy anything so much as the Washington and Lincoln memory books we made last year," said Helen. "I wish we could do something like that a gain only I wish we could make them so big that everyone could see them."

"Well, we can't exactly do that," said Miss Bradley, "but we can have a Washington and Lincoln exhibit when we have our Hero

[*Continued on page 82*]

Honor Points

An Honor Point is awarded for each day one or more good citizenship deeds are recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of members who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 200 points during eight consecutive months. At the beginning of the month, write your name and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you may record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. If a teacher or other grown-up counselor is in charge of a branch league, these papers are turned in to her and she sends us the list of her members, with the number of points she thinks each one deserves. Send your February list in time to reach our office by March 5th.

Any good deed that you record will count—for instance, anything that you do to help someone else at home, at school, or elsewhere. Following is a list of special good citizenship deeds, which we suggest that you do for February:

1. I read a story of Washington's boyhood.
2. I read a story of Lincoln's boyhood.
3. I memorized a Washington saying.
4. I memorized a Lincoln saying.
5. I read or listened to a part of Washington's farewell address.
6. I read or listened to Lincoln's Gettysburg address.
7. I took a picture of Washington to school.
8. I took a picture of Lincoln to school.
9. I hung out a flag on February twelfth.
10. I hung out a flag February twenty-second.
11. I took part in a Washington or Lincoln birthday program.
12. I read Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.
13. I memorized the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution.
14. I sent a valentine to a needy child.

Other good citizenship deeds may be substituted for those above, if necessary, and of course you will add others of your own. *Remember, you must record one or more deeds on twenty-five different days during the month, in order to have your name on the honor roll.*

MISS COLUMBIA

[Continued from page 76]

tale to tell Sarah in return.

"General Lee has issued a call for Maryland to enter the Confederacy," she said. "But I don't think we need worry. They've opened up a recruiting office, but I didn't see anyone enlisting. I had to go through a lot of red tape to get my pass, but finally I convinced the officer that, though I am a Union woman, I could do their cause no harm."

"Well, *I* certainly didn't do their cause any harm this afternoon," said Sarah ruefully, and told her mother of the impromptu feast she and Mammy had prepared. "They were such nice, jolly men—they didn't act like rebels."

Mrs. Sterling smiled sadly, remembering perhaps the childhood playmates now enlisted in the Confederate service. "We are all Americans, dear, and some day let us hope we may be friends again."

"Oh, I hope so, Mother," said Sarah earnestly. "Wasn't it silly of me to be so frightened when Johnny Mercer chased my dog?"

"Yes, child, it was silly," said Mrs. Sterling when she had heard the story. "It's a mercy he didn't find the doll, after you called attention to it in that way."

Sarah's face clouded. "But I didn't call 'tention to her—I just told him he couldn't go into the other room. Father had trusted me with that money—leastways he had trusted my doll—and I wasn't going to let any old soldier find it."

"Never mind, dear. You did the best you could." Mrs. Sterling kissed the flushed cheek and explained very patiently that if the invaders ever came again, Sarah was not to act as though Miss Columbia was especially important. Grown-up men did not suspect dolls of having secrets; that was why Miss Columbia had been chosen to keep this one. To act mysterious and frightened had been most unwise.

Sarah thought regretfully of the letter to Father she could never send. At least, though, she had twenty dollars for her mother; that would make up for the loss of the

[Continued on page 88]

MOTHER, can you guess what I want for my birthday?" Rose Mary asked. "I'm afraid I can't, dear, so tell me," mother replied. "I want an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE, mother. The girls at school have a new club and they call it the *Pearl-a-month Club*. Only girls who have an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE can belong. They all pledge to buy one pearl every month from their allowance to add to their necklace if they possibly can.

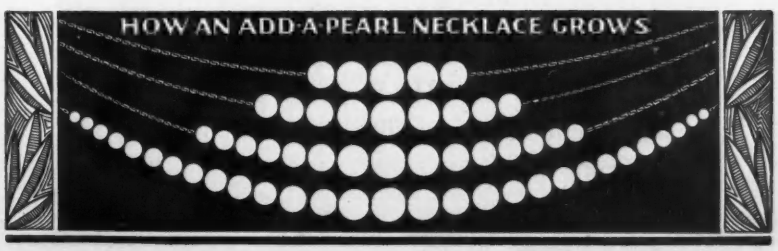
"Dolly's father is a banker and he said that buying real gems was a good investment—especially genuine oriental pearls for their value increased from year to year. Dolly started the *Pearl-a-month Club* for she received an ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE for Christmas. Now all the girls in our crowd who do not possess one, are going to ask for one for their birthday. Then we're all going to see who can make them grow fastest.

"It will be such fun. Of course all our friends and relatives can give additional pearls too on gift occasions. And we'll really be investing our money every time we buy a pearl, won't we mother?" Rose Mary was anxious to know.

"Yes, dear, I think that will be a very wise way to spend your money and it will make a lovely birthday gift. You will have the pleasure of wearing your ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE all the time it is growing and it will be a more valuable investment each year," mother smiled as she looked at Rose Mary and thought of the completed necklace of genuine oriental pearls she would have by the time she was a young lady.

The initial ADD-A-PEARL NECKLACE may be purchased for as low as ten dollars. This includes seven pearls on a fine gold chain. Additional pearls are two dollars or more. Consult your jeweler.

THE ADD-A-PEARL COMPANY
CHICAGO



How Ceresota Flour Got its Name

THERE'S hardly a moment in the day, when some Mother, somewhere, is not calling up the Grocery Man, and asking him to send a sack of Ceresota Flour. Lots of people know it's the Prize Bread Flour of the World, because it's pure, wholesome, and unbleached —but not everybody knows how it got its name. We have printed a book especially for children, with many colored pictures in it, that tells this interesting story. And it shows you how to make such pictures your own self with a set of real Japanese water colors that comes with the book. Send for them today.

The Northwestern
Consolidated Milling Company
Minneapolis, Minn.

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL

Here is my 10c for your beautiful painting book, "The Adventures of Ceresota" (48 pages, 12 colored pictures, 12 painting charts) and the set of Japanese water colors.

Name.....CL 4

Town .....

R. F. D.....State .....

Ceresota Flour

For Your Protection

This is the CHILD LIFE Approval Seal. Watch for it in 1930 on products which you purchase especially for the *Education, Health, Well-being and Entertainment of your children.*

Every product advertised in this issue has the approval of CHILD LIFE and the endorsement of the publishers, Rand McNally & Company.

DIXIE

[*Continued from page 61*]

herself joining in the laughter. She glanced shyly up at Tom, but he was too intent, watching the President, to notice. "We want to hear you now," he called, and others took up the cry.

"I see you have a band," said Mr. Lincoln.

"We have three of them," a Navy Yard employee answered, and Susana's heart sank. She did not want the band to play. It did not seem possible that this kind-faced man had willfully brought war to her Southland, and she wanted to find out.

Once more the President was speaking. "I propose now in closing, by requesting that you play a certain air or tune. I have always thought 'Dixie' one of the best tunes I ever heard."

Again there was laughter, and Susana pricked up her ears, to be sure she heard aright.

"Our adversaries over the way, I know, have attempted to appropriate it, but I insist that on yesterday we fairly captured it. I presented the question to the Attorney General, and he gave his opinion that it is our lawful prize."

The crowd laughed again in an overflowing of good spirits, and as they cheered, for the first time in several months, Susana felt at home. Her eyes were wet, and like shining crystals the tears clung to her lashes. Impatiently, she brushed them away that she might better see the tall figure in the window. The band struck up the well-loved air and, hardly conscious of what she did, she sang the words:

"Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie land."

Her voice quavered but she kept on to the end. Abraham Lincoln looked down at her and smiled. Through her tears Susana smiled back at him, and the bitterness and resentment fell away from her, like the cloak which one throws aside in the springtime. The Northern armies had captured "Dixie" for a reunited country; the President of a reunited country had captured the little rebel's heart.

The night of April twelfth was the night of the grand illumination in Washington, and it was the night Mrs. Lanford announced that her surprise was ready. The children's eyes grew wide with wonder, as the carriage rolled between rows of lighted houses. Nearly every window was aflame with candles and Pennsylvania Avenue was two blazing lines of light. Pausing before the City Hall, they looked in either direction at the bright windows,

which viewed from a distance seemed to become one great, quivering sheet of flame. Huge transparencies formed of gas jets flashed forth their messages from various buildings—"Union forever," or "God grant our country peace." Rockets were sent into the air, and high above all the dome of the Capitol glowed as though on fire. Even the Old Capitol Prison was brilliantly lighted, and here, the horses stepping carefully through the crowds, they took their way.

At the door of the prison, Susana found Aunt Caroline's surprise. Lieutenant Marden waited for her there and she ran into his arms, crying for happiness. He, along with other Southern soldiers, had been released after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, for by now they knew that the cause of the South was hopeless.

"Fathah," Susana whispered, snuggling up against him in the back seat of the carriage, "when are you going to take me home?"

"Home?" Lieutenant Marden's dark eyes narrowed, as he laid plans for gathering together again the remnants of what had once been his fortune. "The next few years may be very hard, Susana. Hadn't you better stay and go to school here, as your aunt wishes?"

"No, Fathah!" Susana slipped a moist little hand into his. "I love Aunt Ca'line, and I like Tom except when he teases. I reckon I even like him then, but, oh, I do want to go home again and live with you and Aunt Jerusha."

"All right, honey. God knows, I want you."

"And, Fathah!" Susana raised her voice, so that Tom, sitting in the front seat with his mother would be sure to hear. "I've changed my mind. I don't reckon the wah was Mistah Lincoln's fault. Why, he had the band play 'Dixie'"

Her father smiled at her earnestness. "No, dear, the causes of this war were older than Mr. Lincoln or any man who's living now."

"But we can be thankful we are reunited again," said Aunt Caroline. "May this prove to be a day of victory for the South, as well as for the North!"

The cousins had played together, they had scrapped together, but they wept together when the tragic news came that the President was shot, for Susana knew—as the world was to know in later times—that the South had lost a friend. And in the year, 1866, and every year thereafter, the dawn of Lincoln's birthday found the Stars and Stripes floating proudly from the flagstaff of her home.

Now Jimmy washes hands...*without being told*

JIMMY is a normal, healthy boy just like your own youngster. He has no special fondness for soap and water. But he's washing his hands willingly—yes, *enthusiastically* now—without having to be constantly reminded. For the Lifebuoy "wash-up" chart has turned clean hands into a *game.*

Thousands of mothers have found that the Lifebuoy "wash-up" chart completely changes a child's attitude toward washing and bathing. It not only makes washing hands seem fun, but helps him see *why* he should do it and what the connection is between cleaner hands and better health.

As a mother, you *know* how dirty children's hands can get! And these grubby little hands have picked up germs as well as dirt—just as everybody's hands do from countless things we *must* touch every day. Life Extension Institute says 27 diseases may be spread by hands. Washing hands before each meal—taking frequent baths—with Lifebuoy's antiseptic lather protects health by removing *both* dirt and germs.

Complexions thrive on Lifebuoy

Lifebuoy is a delightful toilet soap. The whole family will like it. It keeps complexions radiantly fresh and clear—makes them glow with health.

Its mild, creamy, antiseptic lather purifies pores—protects against the embarrassment of body odor. Its pleasant *extra-clean* scent—that vanishes as you rinse—tells you Lifebuoy is a real health soap—*it purifies.*

Free to mothers

Fill out and mail coupon below and you receive, *free,* a wash-up chart and trial size cake of Lifebuoy for each child in your family. See how enthusiastically youngsters enter into the spirit of the "Clean Hands" game.

LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP
for face, hands, bath

free

LEVER BROTHERS CO., Dept. 22, Cambridge, Mass.
Please send me free Lifebuoy Trial Cakes and "Wash-up" Charts for my ..... children.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

TELL DADDY AND MOTHER THIS!

For HEALTH'S Sake Roll on Rubber

Roller Skate

10 REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD HAVE

"CHICAGO"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Rubber Tire Roller Skates
"Speed Without Noise"

1 "CHICAGO" Roller Skates are the best made. None others like them. They encourage more skating and develop poise and graceful actions.

2 "CHICAGO" Roller Skates run true. Their easy action helps build sturdy bodies and stronger ankles.

3 "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Roller Skates are Safe--The tires grip the pavement and prevent slipping.

4 "CHICAGO" Roller Skates permit greater speed. The Ball-bearing Wheels spin 10 times longer and are guaranteed not to come apart.

5 "CHICAGO" Rubber Tire Wheels are made of Special Hard Composition Rubber. They outwear steel wheels 2 to 1 and permit speed without noise.

6 "CHICAGO" Roller Skates have Rubber-Cushioned Shock-Absorbing oscillating Trucks--Resist wear and absorb shocks.

7 "CHICAGO" Roller Skates have Extra Wide Clamps with wedge grip. Will fit any shoe and hold fast.

8 "CHICAGO" Roller Skates have professional high steel heel back. One skate for Boys, Girls or Grownups.

9 "CHICAGO" Roller Skates are guaranteed in every way. They lead all others and are superior in construction.

10 "CHICAGO" Roller Skates are the Champions' Choice--They have broken World's Records. Don't accept substitutes.

No. 181 Combination Super Skate for Boys, Girls and Grownups. Worth $50 in health and joy. Price $4.00. From your Dealer or sent direct (Postpaid) on receipt of price and dealer's name.

Join The "Roll on Rubber" Club

Get FREE—beautiful gold finish skate pin, Membership Certificate and Booklet, "How to Roller Skate." Send Dealer's name and 10c to cover postage.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE COMPANY
Established Over ¼ Century
4455 W. Lake St.
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No. 101 New Double Tread "Triple-Ware" Steel Wheel Skates

Will outwear any other steel wheel skate made 3 to 1. Price $2.25. From dealer or sent direct (Postpaid) on receipt of price and dealer's name.

"OUR GANG" Rolls on "CHICAGO'S"

Are they healthy? Are they fast? You should see them go!

Let Your Valentine be CHILD LIFE

SHARE your Child Life fun with other boys and girls by giving the next four issues of Child Life (for $1.00) as your Valentine.

They will love the adventure and mystery stories about animals, fairies, cowboys and Indians just as much as you do. The games, puzzles, cut-outs; the Kitchen and the Workshop will bring them happy hours, too.

Just send in the coupon below with one dollar, and Child Life will be mailed for the next four months.

CUT HERE

CHILD LIFE Feb. '30
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send the next four issues of Child Life to the name below. One dollar is enclosed.

Name .....

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City ..... State .....

PATTEN BEARD'S BUTTON GAME SERIES

Add-It

By PATTEN BEARD

(See page 86)

THIS game is to be played upon the page of the magazine without cutting the magazine. Lay the magazine flat on a table or floor. Place a weight each side of the pages to hold them firm.

The game is played with one small button for a counter. The button must be as small as you can find: one like an old-fashioned glove-button is best.

From two to four players may play this game.

To make a play, toss the small button so that it will fall on the gameboard on the magazine page. The player whose turn it is takes the number on which the small button rests after it has fallen. Where there is discussion of any doubt, toss again. A button fallen over the line of any numbered sections counts that number.

The first to add up to twenty-six or over wins the game.

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

[Continued from page 78]

Day program."

Thus it happened that when the fathers and mothers and other pupils came to see their Lincoln play and to listen to the Washington and Lincoln anecdotes the members told, they saw also an interesting exhibit. There were pictures of the two men, pictures of their homes, and pictures depicting important happenings in their lives. There was one clipping of the Gettysburg Address, another of Washington's Farewell Address; and Bill had brought from home a treasured copy of an 1863 newspaper which had been handed down from his great-grandfather who had been a boy when he read the news that Lincoln had freed the slaves. David had made a tiny log house which was a replica of the humble cabin where the sixteenth President of the United States was born. The members who had no pictures or curios to bring had written brief compositions on the lives of the two men, and these were pasted to the blackboard for the visitors to read.

Elizabeth's contribution to the exhibit drew as much attention as any. She made a poster, on which she lettered the words of the poet: "The child is father to the man."

[Continued on page 90]

GENERAL GEORGE

[Continued from page 57]

skates to hamper him when Alicia Mary Thompson skated into an airhole and the thin ice around it broke and let her through. Charlie Towne tried to pull her out, but only broke more ice. Joe Ludosi, who was a fine swimmer, started to go in after her, but the boys told him it would only mean two to rescue. Then General George took command.

"Keep back, everybody. Get me long boards from that old raft. Cut rope from your sleds and tie it strong. I'll wriggle out from the shore side and try to pull her in." Alicia Mary was a crack swimmer herself, but she had been down twice before George got her out.

It was a bitter day, but the thinly clad mill boys didn't hesitate a minute about taking off coats and sweaters and scarves to wrap around Alicia Mary, and somehow they got her down through the woods to the nearest house. When her father arrived to get her, George Jones found himself the unwilling spokesman for the rescue party.

"We just did the best we knew how," he concluded the tale of the accident. "Gee, we'd hate to see anything happen to Alicia Mary!"

Mr. Thompson patted George's shoulder. "What can I do for my girl's rescuer?" he asked huskily.

George took a step forward and faced the mill owner solemnly. "Just one thing you could do, Mr. Thompson," he said. "Not for me specially. All the crowd helped get the boards and rope that did the trick, and we all want just one thing of you. Stop this strike."

George was so solemn and somehow he acted so wise and responsible, that Mr. Thompson forgot he was talking to a sawed-off, shabby, red-headed thirteener.

"How can I do that?" he asked.

George was prompt with his answer. "Get everybody together and make a treaty. That's what we kids do, and we find it works fine to settle rows. Everybody gives up part of what he wants and we try to manage so it's fair to all."

"What's your name, son?" asked Mr. Thompson.

George drew himself up to his full height. "George Washington Jones," he answered proudly.

"Well, George," began Mr. Thompson, "I'm betting that you're going to grow up to be a credit to that name. We'll call a big meeting for to-night. You young folks—" he smiled at the crowd of children who had escorted Alicia Mary back to shelter—"you explain to your dads and big brothers about this treaty business. Alicia'll tell me more about it. Seems as if what you young fellows can do, we old fellows ought to be able to do, too."

They still tell in Millville how little George Washington Jones, who has grown up and gone to manage a big factory in Chicago—where they all call him General—was really the one who ended their big strike.

HELP YOUR CHILDREN *make friends with their teeth!*

Show them what fun it is to brush their teeth . . . with Colgate's. Teach them that their toothbrush is their friend . . . Let them actually taste the thrill that comes with clean teeth . . . and a sweet mouth and breath. Mothers know that Colgate's has the taste that captivates the child . . . No wonder children like to brush their teeth with this delicious toothpaste that tastes so good!

Colgate's cleans with a *washing* action . . . its sparkling, bubbling foam sweeps over teeth and gums, surging down into tiny pits and fissures where food collects and where ordinary toothpaste cannot reach. It purifies and refreshes the entire mouth . . . polishes the teeth brilliantly, *safely*.

Important! Colgate's contains no drugs or medicaments which may derange the bowels or upset the digestion. This is a factor of prime importance with young children, as many mothers can testify.

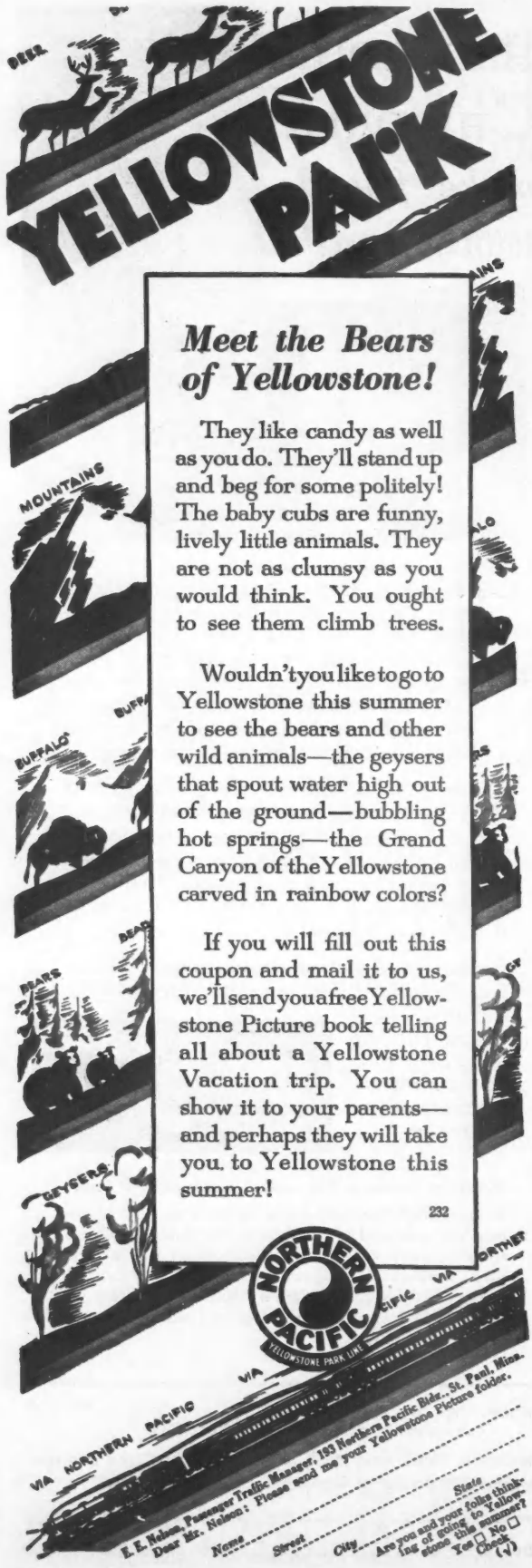
FREE: ***to Mothers—This makes Toothbrushing a Game!***
The Colgate Clean Teeth Chart records each daily brushing. And a reward is promised to the child who cleans teeth regularly. Parents and educators say this method works wonders—for it appeals to the child's play instinct! Try it. Mail this coupon. We will send you a free chart for each child, together with a free trial tube of Colgate's to start on at once.

Colgate, Dept. M-680, P. O. Box 375,
Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

Gentlemen: Please send me "Clean Teeth Charts" and free trial supply of Ribbon Dental Cream for..... children.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....


YELLOWSTONE PARK
Meet the Bears of Yellowstone!
They like candy as well as you do. They'll stand up and beg for some politely! The baby cubs are funny, lively little animals. They are not as clumsy as you would think. You ought to see them climb trees.
Wouldn't you like to go to Yellowstone this summer to see the bears and other wild animals—the geysers that spout water high out of the ground—bubbling hot springs—the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone carved in rainbow colors?
If you will fill out this coupon and mail it to us, we'll send you a free Yellowstone Picture book telling all about a Yellowstone Vacation trip. You can show it to your parents—and perhaps they will take you to Yellowstone this summer!
232
NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE
VIA NORTHERN PACIFIC
E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager, 193 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Dear Mr. Nelson: Please send me your Yellowstone Picture folder.
Name
Street
City
State
Are you and your folks thinking of going to Yellowstone this summer?
Yes ☐ No ☐
Check (√)

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

[*Continued from page 63*]

anyone that he meets three signals before the worse comes to the worst. First," went on the captain, "he'll stamp his forefeet. Second, he'll raise his long bushy tail. If you still keep coming he gives his third and last signal. He hoists the white plume at the end of his tail up straight. If you stand still," finished the captain, impressively, "or move backward, you are safe even then, but if you take one step forward—you'll have to buy a new suit of clothes."

"I know," remarked the Third wisely, "Bill Darby and I caught one in a trap once. He said it was an albino woodchuck. But it was a skunk and we had to live in our bathing suits for nearly a week."

"The next sleeper," said the captain, "has wings."

"A bumbly-bee," tried Alice again.

"No," returned the captain, patiently, "this is an animal with a very ugly face and leathery brown wings with hooks on the top. When it goes to sleep for the winter it catches those little hooks on a rafter or beam in some dark corner of a building or steeple. Then it turns and hangs by the long curved nails of its hind feet and goes to sleep upside down. It makes a very high squeak when it flies, and sometimes it comes into houses hunting mosquitoes. It never does any harm."

"Last of all," resumed the captain, "is the dear little jumping-mouse. He has big eyes and floppy ears and a long tail. If you boys could jump as far in proportion to your height as Mr. Jumping-Mouse does, you would clear two hundred and forty feet every time you jumped. Before the frost comes he makes a round warm nest of leaves and soft grass, far underground. There he rolls himself up in a round ball and sleeps until spring."

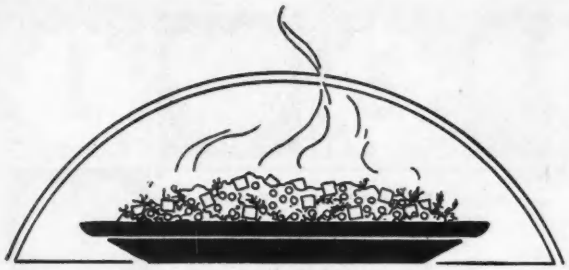
"I like the cuddly jumpy-mouse the best," said Alice sleepily.

Then Mother announced that it was bedtime for seven other sleepers.

"Just one minute," said the captain. "I want to read the band a very, very beautiful poem which has in it the names of the seven animals that sleep all winter, so that they can remember them. I know it's a beautiful poem," he finished modestly, "because I wrote it myself. I call it free verse because I never got anything for it.

"Here it is:

"The bat and the bear, they never care
What winter winds may blow,
The jumping-mouse in his cozy house
Is safe from ice and snow.
The chipmunk and the woodchuck,
The skunk who's slow but sure,
The ringed raccoon, who hates the moon,
Have found for cold the cure."



CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

[*Continued from page 77*]

the size of a walnut. Then buy a few potatoes, 3 carrots, 1 onion, a bit of parsley, a stalk of celery and, if you like, one other vegetable such as peas or navy or lima beans. We say buy these supplies and we mean, of course, buy them if Mother hasn't them already on hand. Often such vegetables as onions, carrots and celery are kept on hand and we are almost certain you will find potatoes in the pantry. But look them up in advance and buy whatever is needed. You also will like to use a little meat fat—bacon or sausage drippings are just right if you have them—and a little tomato juice, then of course, salt, pepper and flour, as seasonings.

For utensils you will want a good stewpan—we like to use an aluminum one, as it is not so likely to scorch the meat when browning—a measuring spoon, a large spoon for stirring the stew, and a sharp knife for preparing the vegetables. Also you will want a bowl or pan in which you can put the vegetables with a quart of cold water, so they can keep fresh after they are prepared and while the meat is browning. Now with all that at hand, we are ready for the real cooking.

Put 3 tablespoonfuls of meat fat into an aluminum pan. (If you haven't meat drippings use vegetable oil, not butter.)

Melt it at a low temperature.

Roll the meat in flour till each piece is well coated.

Put the meat into the melted fat, a few pieces at a time and toss gently till well-browned all over.

When all the pieces are browned on all sides, add ½ cupful of water and cover tightly. Simmer for 15 minutes.

Peel and cut in small pieces enough potatoes to make two cupfuls.

Wash and pick apart two sprigs of parsley.

Wash and cut the celery into inch lengths.

Peel and cut the onion into quarters and peel and cut the carrots into thin slices. (The onion may be omitted if your family prefer.)

If navy beans or any dried beans are used they must be soaked and cooked in advance. It is really better to ask mother or cook if there are not some leftover peas or beans which may form this part of your dish. In the real army stew, the camp kettle is cooking a long, long time and beans have plenty of chance to cook tender. But our dish must be made after school, most likely, and we cannot depend on using anything that takes too long to cook.

After the meat has simmered for 15 minutes, add all the vegetables. Turn up the heat till the ragout comes to a boil. Then turn the fire down till it is just enough to keep a gentle simmer.

Cook gently for one hour, keeping the kettle tightly covered.

Choose a platter with a deep edge or a rather shallow dish. Put it where it will get good and hot, ready for serving.

Cut two thick slices of bread and then cut these into strips, then again crosswise till you have small cubes of bread. Toast these by putting them into a hot oven till well browned.

When dinner is ready to be served, pour the ragout onto a hot platter. Garnish with the toast cubes and a few sprigs of parsley and serve at once. Your father will be surprised and pleased but also, he will be sure to say, "We never had such a fancy trimmed-up dish in the army!" Whereupon you can say, "We know that, but this isn't the army! This is a February celebration in your honor and there has to be some trimming!"

If you want to have this dish over and over, you can vary it a little by using veal, pork or lamb as the meat. You can use different vegetables, too. For instance, we often add ¼ cupful tomato juice when we use beef or veal. And we always use peas if the meat is lamb and sometimes add a little shredded cabbage when we cook pork. A sweet pepper cut in strips is also a nice addition to any combination of meat and vegetables. You see, by making the ingredients just a little different each time, the dish doesn't get wearisome.

MENU FOR A FEBRUARY DINNER

Cream of Spinach Soup
Ragout of Beef Chopped Pickle
Whole Wheat Muffins Pear Honey
Baked Apples and Cookies

Mother Goose sends Jack-and-the-Beanstalk *on a strange errand*

ROGER had to rub his eyes twice to be sure he wasn't really asleep. For standing by Roger's bed was Jack-and-the-Beanstalk, looking just as he had in the Mother Goose Book yesterday.

"How did you ever get out of my Mother Goose Book, Jack?" asked Roger.

Then Jack answered, "Mother Goose sent me to you with a very important message, something very special."

"But what could Mother Goose want to tell me?" asked Roger, his eyes as big as saucers, as big as big saucers.

"Well," began Jack, "yesterday, Mother Goose heard your mother say that you would never, never grow up to be a big boy like Jack-and-the-Beanstalk unless you drank milk every day."

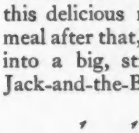
"But, Jack," cried Roger in such a disappointed way, "I don't like milk."

Then Jack-and-the-Beanstalk winked and whispered into Roger's ear, "Mother Goose says she told your mother about a lovely new kind of milk that all little boys just love. Tomorrow morning you're to ask your mother for Mother Goose Milk."

And before Roger could thank him, Jack skipped out of the room. Roger heard the big book close with a slam as Jack-and-the-Beanstalk climbed back on his page and Mother Goose locked all the windows and closed up her house for the night.

Next morning at breakfast Roger asked for Mother Goose milk. And what do you think? Roger's mother took a big oval tin out of her cupboard and put a teaspoonful of something nice and brown into Roger's own mug. Then she poured in hot milk, stirred it, and gave it to Roger. Oh! how Roger loved this Mother Goose milk! And he drank this delicious milk at every meal after that, and soon grew into a big, strong boy like Jack-and-the-Beanstalk.

* * *



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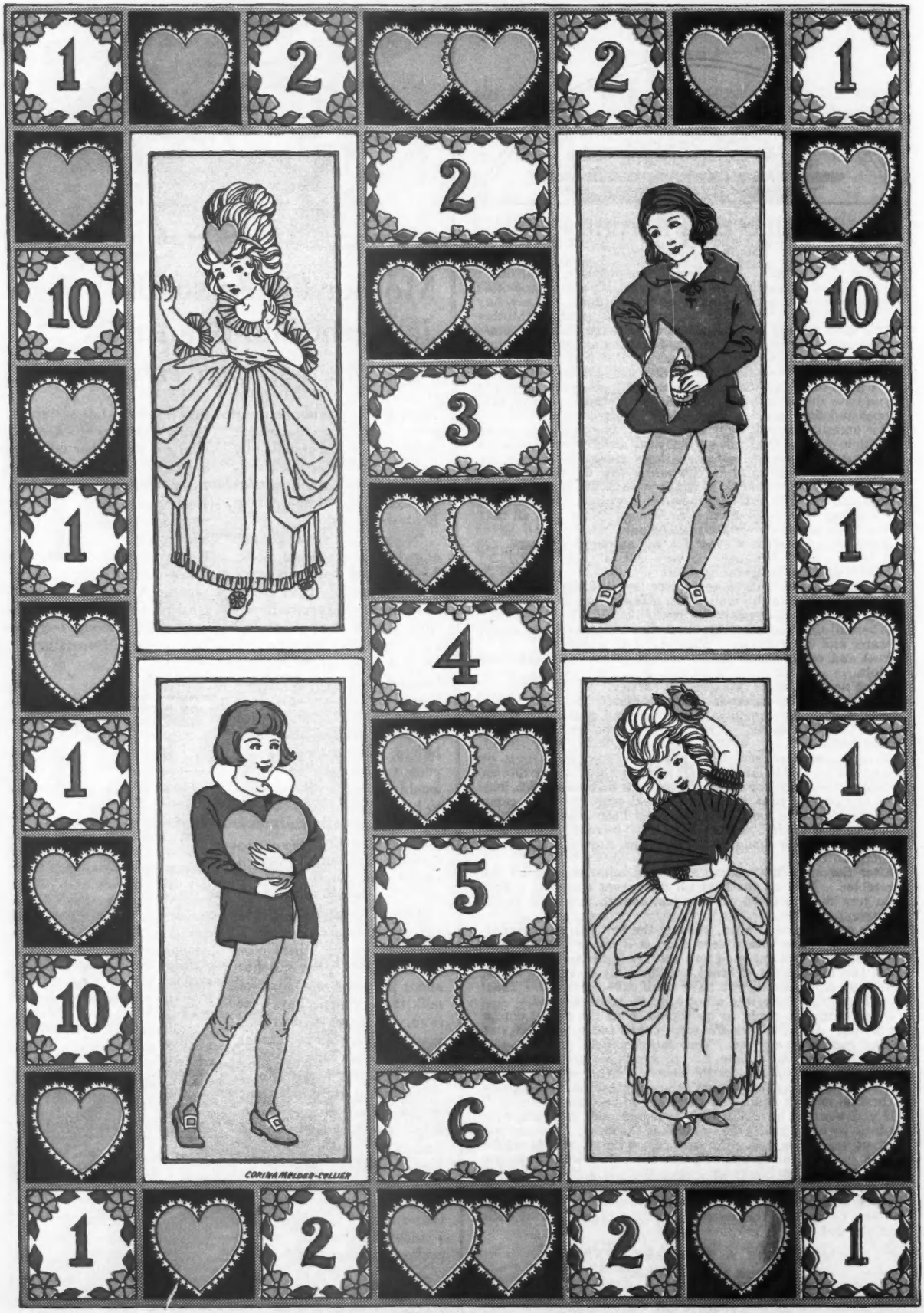
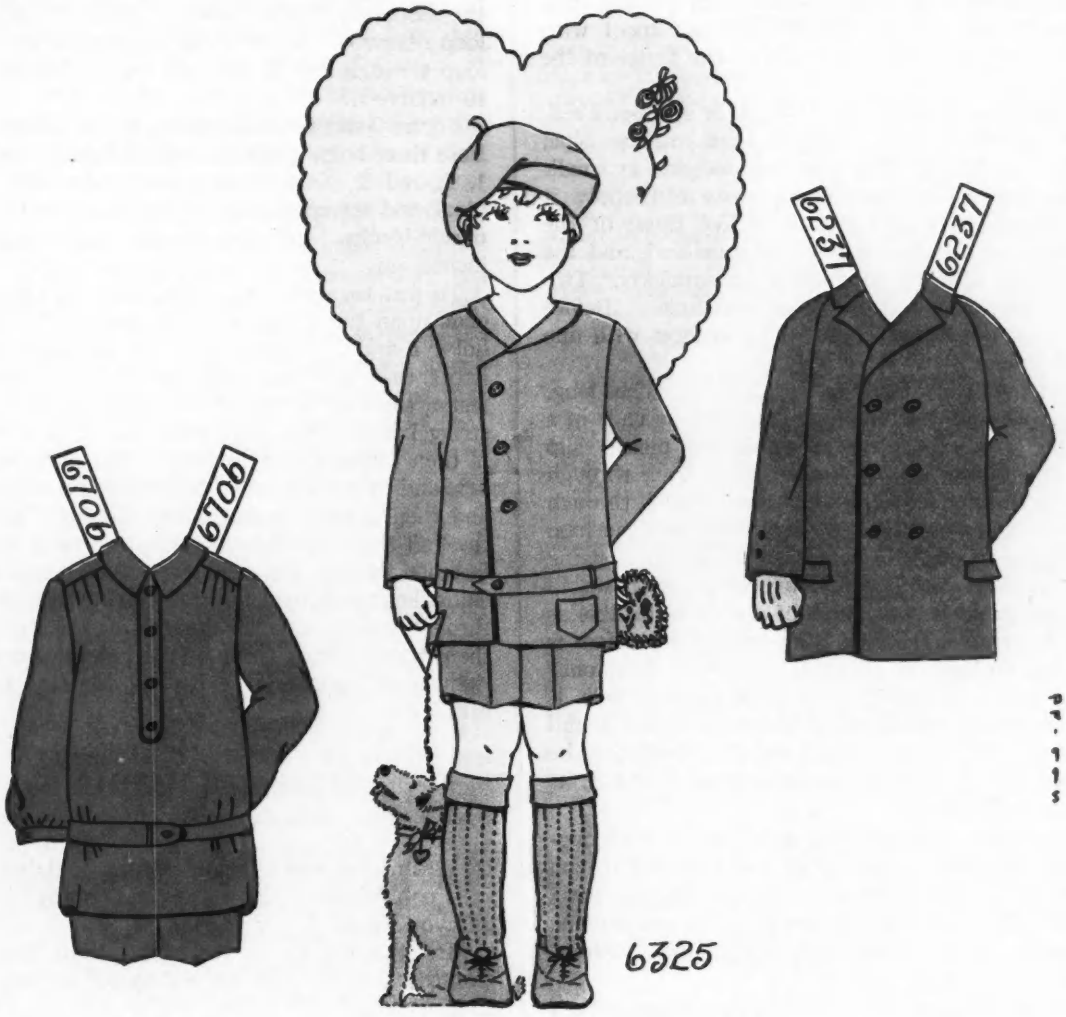


(For directions see page 82)

YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



JACK loves his Valentine puppy most to pieces. He wishes every little boy could have one as nice.

Valentines are not the only nice things that come through the mail in envelopes. Patterns are fine, too, especially those like Jack's flannel and jersey suits and chinchilla top-coat.

Pattern No. 6325, 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years.
Pattern No. 6706, 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years.
Pattern No. 6237, 3 sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each from Child Life, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

OUR WORKSHOP

[Continued from page 74]

sandpaper. Locate the positions for the six string holes where shown upon the pattern, and drill the holes with a 1/16-inch bit, or a hand gimlet.

For the puzzle block string, use fancy cord like that sold for tying gift packages. Use a large button mold, or the end of a spool for the button at the end of the loop. You can easily cut off a spool end with your coping-saw. Slip a round stick through two spools. Then hold one spool with your left hand, while you saw off the flange of the other spool.

You can finish the button-mold or spool-end red, like the heart, but I suggest that you use blue, yellow or black. You can buy lacquer in small-sized cans at a paint store. You can apply it satisfactorily to small surfaces like those of the blocks and the button-mold or spool-end, and the advantage of using it is that it dries quickly. Two or three coats will make a nice finish. Before applying the lacquer, smooth all surfaces with fine sandpaper.

Cut the puzzle-block string about 26 inches long, slip it through the spool-end, and tie the ends in a secure knot. Then, to assemble the puzzle, slip the end of the loop through hole 1, back through hole 2, through hole 3, back through hole 4, through hole 5, and back through hole 6. Now, the loop end must be made to pass over the length of string that extends from hole 2 to hole 3, as shown in Figure 1, and it is as much of a trick to do this as it is to remove the loop when assembled. Here is the simple way of doing it. Slip the loop once more through hole 2, then back through hole 1, slip it over the spool-end, as shown in Figure 2, and draw it back through holes 1 and 2. It will then be looped over the string between holes 2 and 3, as shown in Figure 1.

The puzzle block shown in Figure 4 is oblong-shaped, but you can cut it heart-shaped if you want to. Figure 6 suggests the size for an oblong block. The trick in this puzzle is to remove the suspended spool from the string loops without untying the string.

Cut the block, and bore two 1/16-inch holes through it, as shown in Figure 6. Ask Mother for two more thread spools, and cut the ends from one of them. Then finish the block, the spool-ends and the spool, as suggested for the other puzzle block.

Cut the puzzle-block string about 26 inches long, slip its ends through a spool-end, and tie to pieces of match sticks or small buttons, to keep the spool-ends from slipping off (Figure 5).

The puzzle is now ready to put together, and it is as much of a trick to do this as it is to remove the spool when assembled. Here is the way to do it. Make two loops in the string, as shown in Figure 5. Slip these loops through holes 1 and 2 of the block. Then slip the spool over the left-hand loop, stick this loop up through hole 2, loop it over the spool-end at hole 2, and draw it down through the hole again. You will then find the two loops interlocked, as indicated by dotted lines in Figure 4, and when the spool is slipped along the string so that it conceals the loops, as shown, you have a mysterious looking puzzle block.

The puzzle block in Figure 7 also may be cut heart-shaped, or heart-shaped blocks may be substituted for the spool-ends suspended on the puzzle string. The problem in this puzzle is to remove the loop from center hole 2. Figure 8 shows the loop removed. When I explain how to attach the loop through hole 2, you will understand also how to remove it.

Figure 9 suggests dimensions for an oblong block. Bore three holes about 1/16 inch in diameter at points 1, 2, and 3. Cut off two spool ends. Finish the block and the spool-ends as suggested for the other puzzle-blocks. Cut the puzzle string about 30 inches long.

To put together the puzzle, slip the two spool-ends upon the string, slip the string ends through holes 1 and 2 of the block, and tie large enough knots that will not pull through the holes. To fasten the loop to the block at hole 2, pick up the string between the spool-ends, slip it through hole 2, then carry it over to hole 1, slip it through the hole and over the knot on the string end (Figure 10) and then draw it back through the hole, and over the left-hand spool-end. The loop will now be fastened through the hole, but over only one string. To make it pass over the other string, slip the loop through hole 3, and over the knot on the string end, then draw it back through the hole and over the right-hand spool-end. That is simple enough, isn't it?

MISS COLUMBIA

[Continued from page 79]

ice cream that was to have been her birthday treat.

"Look, Mother! Now you can buy any birthday gift you want."

Mrs. Sterling shook her head. "No, these are Confederate bills. This is not money we can spend in Maryland."

Sarah blinked back the tears. "May I have it then—to play with?"

"That is all it's good for, dear."

"Well, I've always wondered how it would feel to own a pocket full of money, and now I'll know. Miss Columbia's not the only person around this house to have a secret."

Mother smiled at her enthusiasm, and Sarah ran off to the bedroom to fetch her handbag. A moment later, her startled voice rang out.

"Mother, Mother!" she cried. "My doll is gone!"

(Part IV of "The Disappearance of Miss Columbia" will appear in the March issue of CHILD LIFE.)

OUR BOOK FRIENDS

[Continued from page 78]

who live in other parts of the world. And it is also interesting to know what stories children in various parts of the world listen to.

There are some new Irish fairy and animal tales by Anne Casserley who wrote "Michael of Ireland" and "The Whins on Knockattan." This new book is called *Roseen* (Harper) and is mostly about a black pig of that name who seems to have been on friendly terms with everyone in town from the fairies themselves to the wife of the clogmaker.

And there is a new collection of the stories that the children of Africa hear their elders tell around the fire at night "to amuse themselves and keep watch against the beasts that roam." It is called *Little Black Stories for Little White Children* (Payson and Clarke) and was written in French by Blaise Cendrars. Margery Bianco has translated it into English, but it still has the same woodblock illustrations, by Pierre Pinsard, that delighted the French children who read it. What these stories most remind you of is Uncle Remus, except that they aren't told in Uncle Remus's manner, and what they will next most remind you of are some of the stories that our own American Indians made up to account for creation and other things.

Another story collection with unusual illustrations is *Three and the Moon* (Knopf) by Jacques Dorey, where the pictures are by Boris Artzybasheff. These are legendary tales of old Brittany, Normandy, and Provence. One tells the adventures of Geoffrey of Brittany, who was knighted, it seems, by King Arthur. Another tells how a poor hunchback braved the korrigans of the moor and became straight and beautiful and then braved the menhirs or druid stones and became rich. But others reflect in a quite terrifying manner the dark ways of Mediaeval France. "The Legend of Saint Triphine" more than reminds you of Bluebeard.

There are two new poetry books, too. *Puddin' and Pie* by Jimmy Garthwaite (Harper) is short or shortish rhymes about things and thoughts and people of the sort that happen to almost any child, and the pictures are small and to the point, and look, most of them, as though you might without much trouble draw pictures almost like them yourself. *Green-Pipes* by J. Paget-Fredericks (Macmillan) is more as if you had been reading some poems by Walter de la Mare and had let your thoughts go on from there by themselves, until you had built a cottage as tall as a castle and almost sure to topple over, or had put the key in the lock of the little door that leads under the hill and had gone dancing with flowers and fairies. The pictures, some of them quite gorgeously in color, are of a piece with the imagination of the poems.

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If unable to obtain at your local dealer, send $1.50 plus 7c postage and order will be promptly filled.

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536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(Continued from page 49)

making toys day in and day out. Each tiny workman had his particular part of a toy to make, or his particular part to put together.

"Let's go down this way first," said Lotus Flower, and they went down a long, long passageway that had benches on each side where parts of doll houses were piled, a great heap of windows, a great heap of chimneys, a great heap of doors—just heaps and heaps of them.

Then down another aisle and there were parts of ships—sails and tiny boats and oars.

Then farther along there were parts of tiny carts, parts of tiny furniture, parts of dolls—parts of engines. Oh, wasn't it exciting!

At the very farthest corner where the space was the largest the most magical thing happened—all the parts of the toys came together—just became alive almost and ready for play.

But what was all that yellow stuff in the saucers—what was that being squeezed out of the tubes—what was that being poured out of the cans?

"Why, Ruthie—that's—that's Le Page's Glue. Grandfather, Flower and everybody, that yellow stuff is made right where we live!"

The little workmen had stopped working and were all crowding around Ruthie and Robert.

"How do they make it? What's it made of? What makes it so yellow? What makes it sticky?"

Robert looked at Ruth and Ruth looked at Robert. It was dreadful not to know.

"Bobbie, *you* say something."

"Oh Ruth, I don't know what to say!"

With that the little men got more and more excited. They kept getting closer and closer and some of them actually looked cross; they even shouted. One even poked a saw horse right into Robert's leg and that was what started it. *All* the tiny men just pounced right down upon them.

"Why, Ruthie, what are you doing down here on the beach? It's almost dark and you are cold!"

"Oh, Mother! I am so glad you came. They just jumped right on us just because we didn't know about Le Page's Glue."

"Why, what are you talking about, Ruthie? Le Page's Glue and jumping on you!" And then Ruthie told her all about the funny dream, for she found it was a dream after all.

"Well, we'll just have to go over to that factory and see how they make Le Page's Glue," laughed Mother. "It won't do for you to have *that* dream again and not be able to answer questions."

And, in a day or so, Mother and Dad and Ruth and Robert drove over to the factory that had Le Page's Glue on the chimney.

"Did you ever eat fish chowder?" asked the man who was guiding them.

"Lots of times," said the children.

"Did you ever find pieces of the fish skin in it?"

"Yes, and the skin stuck to my fingers when I pulled it out," said Bobbie.

"Well, young man," went on their guide, "that is exactly how fish glue was first discovered and it is still made by boiling the skins. In this room you see the skins of the codfish just as our

(Continued on page 96)

(Advertisement)

GOOD CITIZEN'S LEAGUE

[Continued from page 82]

Above she pasted pictures of Washington and Lincoln as boys and below copies of photographs taken when they were famous men.

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils of your room at school and shall mail you a handbook and pins for them.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

October Honor Roll

During October, the following members earned twenty-five or more honor points:

Charlene Babbs
Walter Babbs
Donald Bader
William Bader
Elma Barber
Robert Barber
Johnnie Birdwell
Clara Bloyer
R. Q. Botkin
Gladys Bracamonte
Emily Brown
Otis Brown
Alton Buffkin
Beaman Buffkin
Mike Buku
Dollie Burgess
N. Charles Butterworth
Nell R. Cannon
Anna M. Carey
Minnie B. Carpenter
Julia Casey
Earl Cerjanec
Pauline Chapple
Faye Clark
Margaret Clarke
Tony Coco
Swanie Coleman
Florence Cook
Patty Cordova
Frank Craddoc
Cecil Curtis
Robert Curtis
Will Davis
Bessie Debord
Minnie Debord
Mary Dewey
Myra Drumheller
Dorothy Egan
Helen Ervin
Mary E. Flynn
Beryl Friebe
Herbert Gandt
Kathleen Gatlin
Alice George
Barbara Gottlieb
Marlyn Gudmonson
Sylvia Gudmonson
Vernon Gudmonson
Howard Hackney
Dorothy Hamilton
Walter K. Handy, Jr.
Raymond Hanna
Buelah Harris
Maude Herlyck
Margaret Heywood
Geraldine Higgins
Madelia Hoerschelman
Wesley Holtdorf
Herbert Holton
Joel Holton
Mavis Holton
Garfield Hurtado
Victoria Hutchinson
Daisy Hyatt
Helen Jacobs
Mildred Jennings
Andrew Johnson
Anita Johnson
Donald Johnson
Walter Johnson
Bobby Kelly
Dorothy Kelly
Welborn Kelly
Lucille Kennemer
Charles Knudtson
Edith Knudtson
Florence Knudtson
Melburn Knudtson
Dale Kruckman
Rose Kugler
Mary Ann La Goe
Juanita Lara
John McClung
Hiromu Matsumoto
John R. Mitchell
Kaoju Mizutani
George D. Moore
Jewel Moore
Mae Nagin
Agnes Nett
June Pacey
Cleda Phillips
Freda Phillips
George Phillips
Mary Phillips
Robert Phillips
Margery Pope
Ellsworth Prudhoe
Myrtle Prudhoe
Mary Race
Frank Rausch
Zena Reese
Earnest L. Reid
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Frankie Repola
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Ruth Ridge
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Margaret Rodgers
Doris Rognlien
Selma Rommert
June R. Sanborn
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Gale Starr
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Grace Strickland
Ione Tebben
Masami Toyama
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Lenora Turbeville
Dorothy Vaughn
Sam Virgil
Dorothy Webber
Alvie Wells
Vivian Whitehead
John Wilkins
Sardo Wilkins
Lorraine Wilkinson
Lucile Wolford
Edith Zohar

November Honor Roll

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during November:

Gerald Abbenhaus
William Alshuk
Frances Anderson
Dorothy Armstrong
Corinne Arsan
Marion Atkas
Catherine Atkin
Charlene Babbs
Walter Babbs
Donald Bader
William Bader
Emil Bailke
Cecil Baldwin
Velvia Barrett
Beulah Beam
Milo Beam
Jane Beasley
Dwayne Bees
Laura Behuniak
Phillip Behuniak
Clayton Billar
Johnnie Birdwell
Dorothy Bircher
John Bogoslofske
Billie Bonasek
R. Q. Botkin
Cornelia Braden
Harold Braden
Joyce Brim
Richard Brooks
Lenore Brown
Otis Brown
Mike Buku
Nathaniel Butterworth
Nell R. Cannon
Anna M. Carey
Edward Carson
Robert Carson
Julia Casey
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Pauline Chappel
Rachel Christman
Faye Clark
Florence Cook
Tony Coco
Frieda Convey
Patty Cordova
Billy Cotton
Hershell Cox
Donna Dean
Bessie Debord
Minnie Debord
William Dennison
Mary Dewey
Mary K. Donald
Creston Drugan
Eleanor Eighmie
Erlaine Engh
Helen Ervin
Carrie Evans
Holly Evans
Antonia Fachenti
Frank Falcone
Elaine Farmer
Garvin Fellows
Raymond Ferguson
Dorothy Fink
Mary Flynn
Ella May Fosfeit
Clarence Freeman
Beryl Friebe
Felix Gaiewski
Herbert Gandt
Helen Gastambide
Jeanne Gastambide
Iva Sue Gatlin
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[Continued on page 96]

CLUB MOTTO

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about them in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE
CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*
536 S. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE SPIRIT OF A VALENTINE

Oh, what fun it is to send
Valentine greetings to a friend;
"Please be mine, 'cause I love you;
Then all my dreams will soon come true."

Oh, what fun it is to find
A valentine with message kind.
A red heart, with lace and gold,
Brings happiness and joy untold.

BEATRICE CAROLYN COHEN,
Chicago, Ill.

THE WIND

I'd love to have the wind blow
And push me in my swing just so;
And every day when I come out
To welcome me with joyous shout.

I'd love to have the wind blow
And whisper to me soft and low
The secrets that the birds and bees
Are telling to the flowers and trees.

Come, wind, you are so brave and strong.
And sing to me your joyous song,
And let your gentle breezes blow
Across the meadow where flowers grow.

I know you're needed to turn the mill
That stands so high upon the hill,
But you have worked so hard all day,
Now come to the meadow with me to play.

FLORENCE SNIPES,
Age 10. Montgomery, Ala.

ALISON WYSONG,
PORT WASHINGTON, N. Y.

SNOWFLAKES

Oh, tiny little snowflakes,
Falling thick and fast,
I often, often wonder
However long you'll last.

Frost draws the cutest pictures,
On the windowpane,
Of trees, with all their branches,
Borne down by snowdrop rain.

Snowflakes, you are such silent things,
No welkin to your anthem rings,
But children's voices loud and shrill
Send cheery greetings from yonder hill.

WILMA E. WILLIAMS,
Age 11. Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

This is a picture of me and my brother under the hay up at our farm in Becket, Mass. I have had my magazine for two years. My uncle gave it to us for Christmas.

Your Joy Giver,

ALISON WYSONG,
Age 9. Port Washington, N. Y.

OLD JACK FROST

Every day when I arise,
I look up at the distant skies.
I wonder will it rain to-day
Or will the snow man pass this way.

For with the snow comes lots of fun,
We'll skate and slide and flop and run.
And so we hope that old Jack Frost
Will hurry up and not get lost.

LOIS LOVETT,
Age 11. White Plains, N. Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I went to Crystal Lake near Frankfort, Mich., for two weeks last summer. I liked it very much. The water was very clear and warm.

I went to an interesting place. Boys and girls from all over the United States go there to study music and to play various instruments. It is a summer camp and is very interesting. I wish you could have heard the concert.

Sincerely yours,

MARY SNAPP,
Age 10 Grand Rapids, Mich.

What do you want Your Children to Be?

AMERICA has twenty million children between the ages of five and fifteen. But out of these twenty million, your two or three or four are the only ones who mean anything to you. The rest are just—children. Yet, twenty years from now they are going to mean a competition twenty million strong against your two or three or four.

Pretty big odds when you look at it that way. And wise parents are looking at it just that way, and are trying to give their children every help they can right now. And COMPTON'S PICTURED ENCYCLOPEDIA *for* CHILDREN is one of the most important helps they are giving them.

Compton's is a complete encyclopedia, written and pictured entirely for children, and made so interesting that it is eagerly sought. So that, when parents give Compton's to their children, they are giving them a complete, private source of knowledge on every subject, which will make them far better able to meet that terrific competition of twenty million in any field they choose twenty years from now.

That means forethought. That means looking ahead. That means giving those children right now, during the impressionable age, the information and inspiration they must have to win against that competition.

And already there are between six and eight hundred thousands of such intelligent, far-sighted parents. Because there are already over four hundred thousand sets of Compton's in American homes.

Of course these children with Compton's get better marks in school and acquire greater leadership amongst their playmates. Of course they have a vital advantage, because when you know more, you begin to do more and to amount to more.

If you are one of these wise, far-sighted parents, you should see a sample section of this remarkable encyclopedia for children right now. This coupon will bring it to you free, with full information as to how you can give your children these advantages for a first payment of only $3.50 down.

Here is the coupon. For your children's sake, mail it today.

Compton's *Pictured* **Encyclopedia**

F. E. COMPTON & CO.
Dept. 11-35 Compton Bldg.,
1000 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me at once, without obligation, your big free sample pictured section of Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia, together with your free Questionario Game.

Name-----

Street and Number-----

City----- *State*-----

Dear Miss Waldo:

My sister and I have been writing poems. The picture of us is when we were in our Russian costumes. We take dancing from a Russian. He can hardly speak our language.

My sister and I have enjoyed "Child Life" much. We liked reading "Hilltop Castle" and were very much interested in it.

Hopefully yours,

JOCELYN and JANICE DOHM,
Ages 9 and 7. Olympia, Wash.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1809. He was a poor boy and lived in a log cabin with his parents. When he was six years old he went to school and learned to read, write, and spell. He would often go a mile or two to get a book. When he was older he worked in a grocery store. Once by mistake he gave a lady the wrong change. A short time after she left he noticed it. After his time was up, he went to look for her and gave her the right change. He finally did find her.

A few years later he became a lawyer and stopped two people from being put in jail. After that he became the President of the United States.

During that time a war was going on between the North and the South. Wilkes Booth plotted to kill him and now he saw his chance. Lincoln was sitting in the box in a theater. Wilkes Booth fired his gun.

The people mourned over him. They knew he had ruled over them justly. His name is still in history and we think of him as the great Abraham Lincoln.

BEATRICE HOLTZMAN,
Age 10. White Plains, N. Y.

THE WILLOW TREE

There's a tree outside my window,
Beautiful and bright,
Through it in the early dawn
Peeps soft golden light.

There's a tree outside my window,
A leafy willow tree,
All so pretty, soft and green,
Beautiful to see.

There's a tree outside my window
That I wake each morn and see.
There's nothing quite so lovely
As this leafy willow tree.

WENDY DOWNEY,
Age 8. Sacramento, Calif.

NOW YOU MAKE A SNOWMAN!

ISN'T he a beautiful snowman? Charles is very proud of him. So is Buster who helped ... Next to making a snowman, the best fun in the world is coloring pictures with CRAYOLA. So if you want some fun, have mother send 25¢ with the coupon below and in return you will get this picture (but five times as big!) and a story all about it and NINE more big pictures with stories. And if you have CRAYOLA, you can color them all by yourself and make a beautiful picture storybook! Ask mother to get them at the nearest stationery or department store if you haven't CRAYOLA crayons already.

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41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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Enclosed is 25¢ for "Ten Stories To Color".
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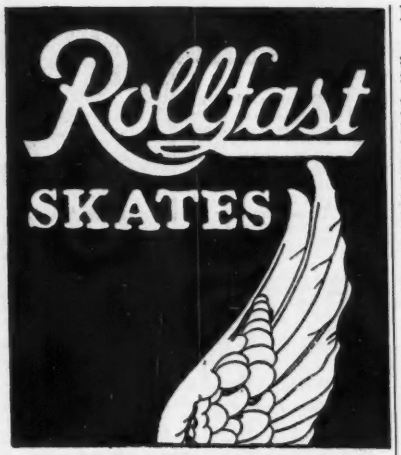
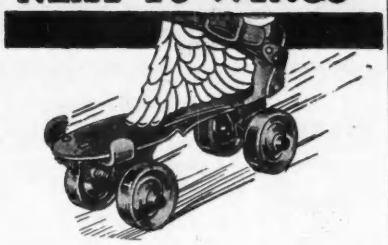


NEXT TO WINGS



For the Finest Youngsters in all the World

FOR them, only the best can be good enough. In roller skates, that means Rollfasts!

Rollfasts *do* skate easier, faster... because of their extra-big ball bearings and their smooth-rolling wheels. They hug the ground like a low roadster . . . for extra safety on turns and whirls. They are sturdily built of the best skate steel . . . to take the punishment of thoughtless, active kids.

And only on Rollfasts will you find the Patented Flexible Reinforcement that lets these skates "give" freely . . . which means they never sag or bend, even when fully extended. Yes—Rollfasts are the finest of skates for the finest of kids!

Adjustable from 7½ to 10½ inches; fit any child or adult shoe. At sporting goods, toy, hardware, bicycle and department stores . . . in bright orange boxes.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I live in Virginia in the country. In June my oldest brother went to work on a little island near the coast of Venezuela. We have heard from him twice since he landed. He likes it very much. He sent me a little Japanese handkerchief he bought there. He has been in swimming. He says there are some beautiful shells down there and he is going to send me some. The funniest things he has seen are the little burros. They are no larger than a goat and their ears are about two feet long. It is so cool down there he has to sleep under a blanket every night. I am glad to say he is coming home Christmas.

Last summer my little cousin from New York had a notion that he wanted to ride the mules but after he found out what great beasts they were he changed his mind. So I had my picture taken on a mule's back. This summer they came again and the first thing he asked was, "May I ride the mules?" and to his delight he did. He rode and rode and rode. Both of us had our pictures taken on a mule's back.

With much love from a Joy Giver,

DOROTHY W. JONES,
Age 9 Spring Grove, Va.

Dear Miss Waldo:

We rented a beautiful place last summer. We had horses to ride and a frisky pony to enjoy, as well as a nice swimming pool. I like my magazine very much and expect to take it until I am thirteen or fourteen. I like your poetry, because I used to write poetry for the school newspaper. "Child Life" is the best that I can find to read, as it is the best child's magazine.

Your reader,

JAMES READ BRANCH,
Age 9. Richmond, Va.

THE SNOW

The snow is falling fast
Like feathers in the air.
The wind howls down the chimney
And the leafy trees are bare.

DOROTHEA MATHIUS,
Sterling, Colo.

JUDITH AND JANE BROWNING

MY LITTLE PLAYMATES

I have two little kittens,
They look at me and blink,
And what I think is funny,
On snow they do not sink.
They are not very tame
But I love them anyhow,
They do not like my doggie,
For he says to them "Bow-wow."

JUDITH BROWNING,
Age 10. Clarksville, Tenn.

DOCTORS' WIVES KNOW..!

Jane P— and Robert S—, typical of healthy babies whose fathers are doctors.

For their babies' things they use LUX

WHO in the world gets better care than the babies who have doctors for fathers?

So we asked doctors' wives (scores of them) what they found the very best, very safest way to cleanse babies' wee garments. And 91% of all those asked said—"We use Lux!"

Child specialists, maternity centers, baby experts, all advise Lux. Lux has none of the harmful alkali so many soaps have—therefore Lux never irritates the baby's sensitive skin.

Woolens and diapers washed with ordinary flakes or chips, or rubbed with cake soap, become stiff and harsh—may cause chafing. Ordinary soaps just aren't pure and gentle enough for babies!

Little Gloria B—'s mother keeps her small garments soft and sweet with Lux.

Children ask for more once they taste Malt-O-Meal. Builds strong, robust bodies. Grown-ups like it, too. It's the wheat cereal flavored with specially prepared caramel malt. Cooks in two minutes. Send for generous sample. Write name and address plainly, also grocer's name.

Malt-O-Meal

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Look for this Trademark on Every Shoe

World's Greatest Health Shoes for Children

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Protect the Happy Feet of Childhood

With These Improved Health Shoes

EXCLUSIVE patented construction gives these wonderful shoes 9 health and comfort features which cannot be found in other shoes for children.

Pied Piper Juniors aid Nature to develop normal, sturdy little feet—no pinching, binding, stiffness, ridges, lumps, etc. You'll agree they are the best health and comfort shoes for your child at any price! Good looking, too.

Finest Quality—Smartest Styles

Send the Coupon NOW. Get our latest style folder illustrating both high and low shoes in finest leathers (Elk, Kid and Patent); all sizes, all widths, for little tots of 1 to 4 years. There is exclusive Quality in Pied Piper Juniors that cannot be matched anywhere at their moderate price.

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"Story of the Pied Piper"

Marathon Shoe Co., Wausau, Wisconsin.

Please send Pied Piper Junior Style folder, name of nearest dealer and illustrated "Story of the Pied Piper."

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THE WIND

The wind one morning went skipping along,
Over housetops and over the lawn;
Kissing the flowers and butterflies gay,
As they flew that bright and sunny day.

The wind went whistling down the street,
Throwing the children off their feet;
Blowing the leaves all up and down,
Skipping and prancing through the town.

WALTER A. RATHBUN,
Agr 11 Grand Rapids, Mich.

MY FIRST POEM

The flowers are blooming,
The birds are singing,
The sun shines out,
And bells are ringing.

We go to school,
And work all day,
And then we like
To be at play.

MILDRED BLOMQUIST,
Age 5 Chicago, Ill.

AN AMERICAN!

He came to America, the land of the free;
He came from Russia, far over the sea;
He came, for much did he want to be
An American!

At first, life was just one hard fight;
For he worked all day, and studied at night;
So, when he learned the tongue he might
Be an American!

Now, he speaks as you or me,
This Russian from across the sea;
Now, he has a right to be
An American!

With footsteps light, and joyous heart,
Citizenship papers in his hand,
Head held high, he steps from court;
He is an American!

VIVIAN L. GRIGSBY,
Age 12. Wilmette, Ill.

A BIG SURPRISE

There once was a little girl whose name was Janet. She lived in Bright Corners in a big house on Blossom Street. She had brown hair and brown eyes and this day she had a blue and white dress on. She was very happy it was her birthday and she was waiting for her father to come home, because he had told her her mother and he had a big surprise for her. Now strange to say, two weeks before her birthday, her mother said she could not go into the orchard until she told her she could. That is why she was happy.

After supper her father told her to come out to the orchard. When she got there her mother, father and grandmother were there before her. Her father told her to look up in the tree. What she saw made her gasp with joy, for there was a little playhouse. She had been wishing for one and now she had it. Her father drew a rope ladder out of his pocket. They all climbed up and had a nice time, but before it was time to go home Janet's mother served lemonade and cookies.

Afterwards Janet told her mother and father it was the best birthday present she ever received.

RITA SIMONI,
Age 11. East Haven, Conn.

When Z Is Serious
When sickness threatens, don't gamble on the accuracy of your fever thermometer. The stakes are too high. If the thermometer you use, is marked Tycos, you may be sure that it is the best money can buy.
A Tycos Fever Thermometer should be in every home, ready for use. The children can't tell you when they have a fever. A Tycos can!
We have an interesting illustrated book entitled, "Childhood, Youth & Old Age" that we will send free on request.
Tycos
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A Boon for Mothers—

LIBERTY Paper BABY BIBS

New, sanitary, labor saving, mother's helper Made of special absorbent paper to keep liquids and stains from baby's clothes. Comfortable to wear—made to fit. Adjustable neck band attached with sticker. No more scrubbing fruit stains. No more bibs in the wash. Mention your dealer's name when ordering this generous package. In sealed envelope.

225 BIBS $1 postpaid

Another Labor Saver

LIBERTY PAPER BAKING CUPS

and Paper Table Decorations in this Household Utility Package—contains 428 pieces, 2 sizes paper baking cups, withstand heat, no greasing, no tins to wash, keep cakes fresh—also pie collars, crowning touch for meat pies, etc., chop frills, croquette skewers, and dainty paper doilies. A sample of Liberty Paper Baby Bibs in every package. **Price $1 postpaid, complete with recipe book.**

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Have you a little

MILK HATER

in your home?

FLAVOR the milk with Mapleine. Kids love it served that way. To one pint of milk add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and Mapleine to taste.

But this is only one of the ways you can use Mapleine to tickle youngsters' palates. They like Mapleine syrup with mush, or with boiled rice, rolls, French toast, muffins. It helps you satisfy sugar craving, normally.

Mapleine is a pure vegetable product. Nearly every grocer has it. There's a little recipe booklet with every bottle. "Mapleine Cookery," a larger booklet, sent upon request. Crescent Manufacturing Company, Dept. 21, Seattle, Wash.

MAPLEINE

For syrup...for flavoring

6000 Children Go to School at Home

EVERY DAY in the pleasant shelter of their own homes a small city of children study the Calvert way.

Based on 32 years of child study in the famed Calvert Day School in Baltimore, Calvert Courses, from Kindergarten to High School, effectively appeal to the child in terms he enjoys. You need no teaching experience to give them. A Calvert teacher in Baltimore directs and grades the work.

Calvert Courses bring modern methods to you no matter where you live. Missionaries, parents in diplomatic service, etc., find their children thoroughly prepare for our best preparatory schools *in six years.*

V. M. Hillyer, A.B., author of the new book, "A Child's Geography," is Headmaster.

These courses are moderately priced. Write for full information.

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The most useable baby carriage ever invented. Its compact construction takes less room in the bedchamber and living room. Always ready for use in the home, on the street and when motoring. Take baby anywhere — hotel, camping or motoring—has a full-sized bed and a good one. Running gear removable and collapsible.

Kozekars finished in rich velours, tapestries and repps. Sold by dept., furniture and juvenile stores. We want you to know all about Kozekars.

WRITE: Beautiful Catalogue and Illustrated Folder showing the KOZEKAR in its rich harmonious coloring. Also samples of materials **mailed free.**

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Largest and best appointed Kennels in world. Puppies—all ages, colors. Will send C. O. D. $25 up.

Send for pictures. Also dog remedies.

MABEL BAXTER
Telephone 418 Great Neck, L. I.

Careful Mothers Use These DOUBLE-TIPPED

SWABS

Reach for a Q-Tip instead of a makeshift. It's the clean, safe and handy way to cleanse baby's nose, ears, eyes or navel. 100 other uses. Tipped on both ends with sterilized cotton dipped in boric. No points. Safe. Packed in dustproof boxes. 25c and 50c everywhere, or write, Dept. 22, Q-TIPS, Inc., 32 East 31st Street, New York.

Q-TIPS BABY GAYS

THE HOUSE

There's a dear little house round the corner,
The colors are green and white.
It is very clean and neat,
There's not a speck in sight.

It has roses in its garden,
It has pansies in it, too,
When in the morning they awake
They nod, "How do you do."

A fair little girl lives in it,
With dark eyes and golden hair.
She sews and sews all day,
On the porch in her little chair.

JANE MIDDLETON,
Steelton, Penna.

A JOLLY WINTER DAY

One winter afternoon eight children decided to play on the hill. Some were sliding down the hill while the others were building snow men, snow houses, and snow forts and making snowballs for their fight.

"I'm captain on one side," said Jack.

"I'm captain on the other side," said George.

"I will choose Bob, Junior, and Frank."

"And I choose Jess, Charles, and Rex," said George.

Both sides were coming out strong, but George's side finally won.

"What shall we do next?" they all cried.

"Let us clean the snow off the pond and go skating," said Frank.

"Oh, let's do," cried all the boys.

It was only a few minutes until they were skating on the pond. The girls were sliding on the hill, while the boys were skating.

"What say, we have a skating race?" said Bob. "All get in an even line and skate across the pond and back. Now let's go."

Bob was skating fast and nearly fell. Rex and George were ahead. George thought he would win, and so did Rex.

They had all skated across and were nearly back when Rex put on a little more speed and won.

"Three cheers for Rex!" cried all the children. Then they all went home merrily that evening.

MARY JANE ULMER,
Age 10. Bluffton, Ind.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I have been taking my magazine for a year. My grandmother sent it to me for a Christmas present. I think it is a good magazine. Before I got it for a present I bought it at Patville, a town where the business is all under one roof. You can buy anything there from a tractor to a pound of fine candy.

I live on the Gulf Coast, fifteen miles south of Corpus Christi. The ranch we live on was a part of the famous King ranch. I have twice seen the King home, which is built of white marble, and cost over a million dollars. It is located about three miles from the town of Kingsville. When Mrs. King died three years ago, she was the owner of the largest tract of land in the world. It borders for a hundred miles on the Gulf of Mexico. There are all kinds of wild animals native to this part of the country on the King ranch. This is a fine place to go hunting.

Good luck to you and "Child Life!"

Yours,

LEE C. ALEXANDER, JR.,
Chapman Ranch, Tex.

MADMAR

PICTURE PUZZLES AND MAP PUZZLES

DO YOU KNOW THE PUZZLE MAN

He's a jolly fellow waiting to tell you about the many hours of fun you can have during the long winter evenings.

He wants you to become a charter member of the Puzzle-A-Month Club, and will tell you all about it if you will mail the coupon below.

Every boy or girl should be a member of this new and unusual club.

MADMAR QUALITY CO.
Utica, N. Y.

If your favorite dealer does not sell Madmar Puzzles, we will supply you direct.

The Puzzle Man
MADMAR QUALITY CO., Utica, N. Y.
Dear Mr. Puzzle Man: Please send me full particulars about the Puzzle-A-Month Club. Also a copy of your new illustrated catalog FREE.

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City.....State.....

Ask for **Century SHEET MUSIC**

The richest child is poor without Musical Training.

SAY "CENTURY" and get the best Certified Music. It's 15c (20c in Canada). Most teachers use it. Parents appreciate the saving and the pupil gets the best. Get free catalog of 2500 selections at your dealers, or write us.

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PURE COD LIVER OIL you and the children can take with a smile. Peter Moller's own process keeps air from contact with the oil, preventing that "fishy" taste and odor.

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil

Sold by your druggist in bottles filled and sealed by Peter Moller in Norway. Purity and delicacy of the oil are thus kept free from contamination. Schieffelin & Co., New York, Distributors for United States.

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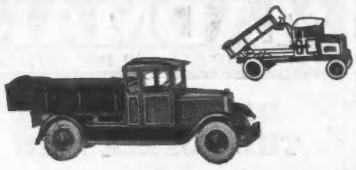
Superb bathing, sailing, canoeing, deep sea fishing, land sports. Horseback riding. Cabins. Tutoring. Camp Mother. Registered nurse. Nutrition classes for underweights. Senior, Intermediate, Upper Junior—Junior Camps. Booklet. Harriman L. Dodd, Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.



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Load up this husky steel dump truck and start away! It's powerful clock spring motor sends it swiftly along—even when loaded. Deliver your load—its body tips up to empty the contents. A real toy that makes you the envy of your friends. Made all of steel. Finished in bright red. Disc wheels are fitted with genuine rubber tires. Length 14 in. $2.50 (West of Miss. $2.75). If your dealer cannot supply you, send your order to us.

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Send 10c for this novel eraser. It's a steel disc wheel with a "balloon" tire of solid

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CHILDREN'S COUGHS and COLDS.
For 50 years mothers have used Vapo-Cresolene to quickly relieve children's coughs, colds, whooping cough and spasmodic croup. Drugless and antiseptic.
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Fragrant, Antiseptic
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FOR WALL DECORATIONS
DECORATIVE
MOORE PUSH-PINS
"To Fasten Up Things"
10c 3 SIZES a Block 6 COLORS All Dealers

CALIFORNIA FRESH DATES
(*Palm Ripened*)
2½ lbs $1.60 delivery paid
GARDEN OF THE SETTING SUN
Dept. P Mecca, Calif.

JOURNEYS TO ADVERTISING LAND

(*Continued from page 90*)

big trucks bring them in from the wharves where they have been stripped from the salted, dried fish before preparing them for use as food.

"First we have to wash out the salt, for that would spoil the glue. We do that in these great round wash tubs which hold five tons each. Then when they are all clean and fresh, we cook them in these big kettles, not round like those you have at home, but working just like your oatmeal double boiler does, the skins and water in the inside kettle and steam in the outside one.

"Here is a kettle full that has been all cooked. See that liquid like ginger ale running out through that strainer to make it bright and clear? That is going to be Le Page's Glue to-morrow. Of course it is very thin and must be thickened up like maple syrup.

"Now here we are in the room where we do the thickening in what we call evaporators. Those coils of pipes that go round and round are full of steam. As they dip in the thin glue in the tank below they pick up a little of it and take out water from it in the form of vapor. Hour by hour the water is carried off and by and by the glue will be all thick and golden, like butterscotch candy.

"Then to make it smell nice we put in flavors like sassafras and to make it stay just as it is without change we put in wonderful things called chemicals. And after it is all finished we run it out in big tanks to cool. Later it is placed by machinery in the bottles and tubes."

"What becomes of the skins and fish after you get the Le Page's Glue out of them?" asked Bobbie.

"We dry what is left and grind it, all by machinery, and it is used for food again! "Chickens love it and it is good for them. We call it Chic Chuk.

"And *that's* the whole story of how Le Page's Glue is made. We send it all over the world—even to China."

Bobbie and Ruth exchanged looks at that, and Ruth said, "Now, let's hurry back to the beach. I want to dream about Lotus Flower and the funny workmen, and tell them all about Le Page's Glue."

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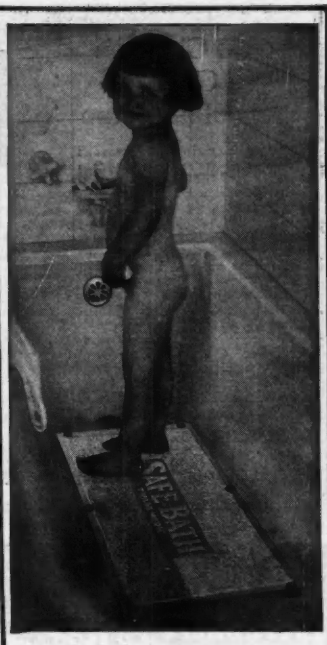

What — the bathtub a source of danger? Yes. A Leading Accident Insurance Company finds this: *Slippery Bathtubs* injure almost twice as many Americans as Firearms do!

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SAFE-BATH MAT
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November Honor Roll

[*Continued from page 90*]

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Pauline Keeler	Genevieve Mulcahy
Bobby Kelly	Sarah Narjarkosky
Dorothy Kelly	Verna Neil
Keren Kelly	Dorothy Nelson
William Kendall	Agnes Nett
Lucille Kennemer	Nina Noble
Walter Kershunowski	Jean Nowell
Betty Kieweg	Richard O'Brien
Jean Kieweg	June Pacey
Meredith Kirby	Vera Panyan
Charles Knudtson	Irene Parker
Edith Knudtson	Harriet Parsley
Florence Knudtson	Mary Parson
Melburn Knudtson	Virginia Paschen
Helen Korets	Autrie Peddy
Arthur Krailing	Paul Potts
Kathryn Kroening	Cleda Phillips
Dale Kruckman	Freda Phillips
Rose Kugler	George Phillips
Sophie Laisek	Mary Phillips
Margaret Leach	Robert Phillips
Gladys Lewis	Ellsworth Prudhoe
Merton Lewis	Myrtle Prodhoe
Marguerite Liche	Virginia Pryor
Wm. Maurice Long	Joseph Pupchyk
Dorothy Ludwig	Mary Race
Mary McConnell	Jewell M. Ragan
Ruth McGinnis	John W. Ragan
Agnes Malaki	Frank Rausch
Arthur Martin	Zena Reese
Francis Mayne	Ernest Lee Reid
Dorothea Mathews	Kathryn Reines
Iona Lee Meredith	Frankie Repola
Eva Mills	Virgil Rhoads
John R. Mitchell	Robert Richardson
Gilbert Modglin	Ruth Ridge
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(*Continued next month*)

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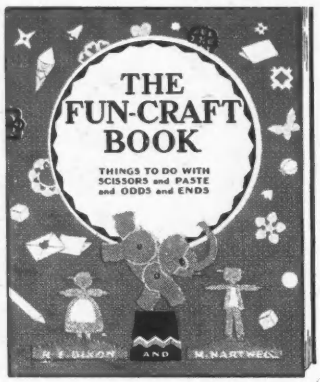
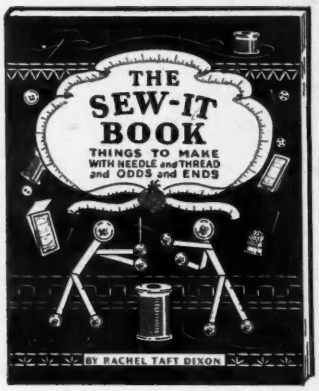
Fun For Boys and Girls!

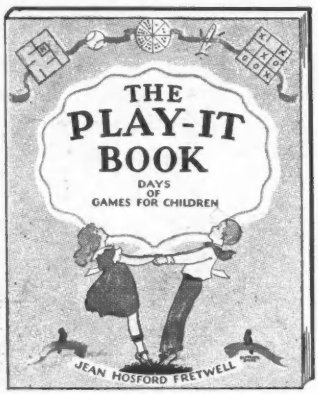
FUN—hours of it—for boys and girls from 6 to 15 years old. Make your own toys—play your own games. Just see what these wonderful books tell you how to do!



THE FUN-CRAFT BOOK tells how to make toy animals that do tricks, and how to stencil and dye, and do block printing . . . and lots of other interesting things. All you need is the book and a few things you'll find at home. Lots of pictures and simple directions.

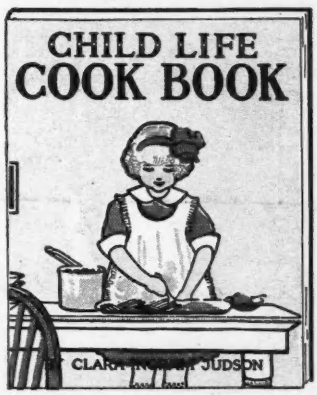
THE SEW-IT BOOK tells you how to make things with needle and thread. Pretty and useful things they are, too—clothes for the doll—a bib for baby—a luncheon set for mother—and lots of nice things for yourself. Shows you just what to do and how to do it.

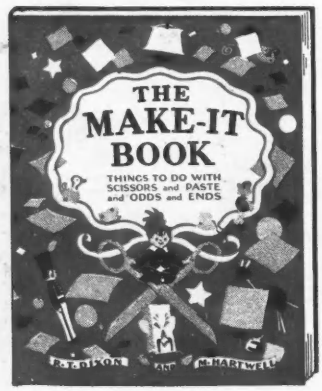




THE PLAY-IT BOOK tells how to play the most fascinating games! All kinds of games—for winter and summer—indoors and out doors—at parties and alone. They're the kind of games you will want to play over and over again because they are *so* much fun.

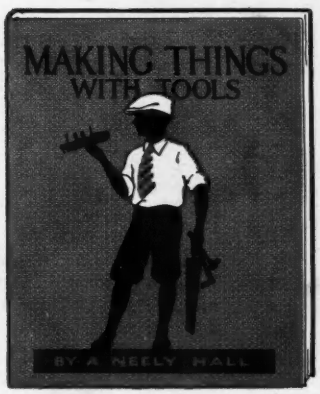
CHILD LIFE COOK BOOK tells how to cook—oh! such good things to eat! Any little girl (and many boys—especially those who like to camp) will want to make all of them. Each step is explained and made so easy—why, anybody can be a good cook with this book to tell how!





THE MAKE-IT BOOK shows how to make all kinds of things with scissors and paste and odds and ends found at home. Kites, trick toys, caps, funny false-faces, wagons, boats, doll furniture—any boy or girl can make them all, and have hours and hours of fun in doing it.

MAKING THING WITH TOOLS tells boys how to use carpenters' tools and make lots of useful things out of a few boards and nails. Boats that really go—kites and aeroplanes that fly—bird houses and book ends and whistles and rattles—this book explains exactly how to make them.



All of these books have lots of pictures and diagrams in them. You can buy them at any bookstore for only $1.00 each. If your bookstore doesn't have them, send your order to the publisher, with the money and 7 cents extra for each book to cover postage, and they will be sent to you at once.

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